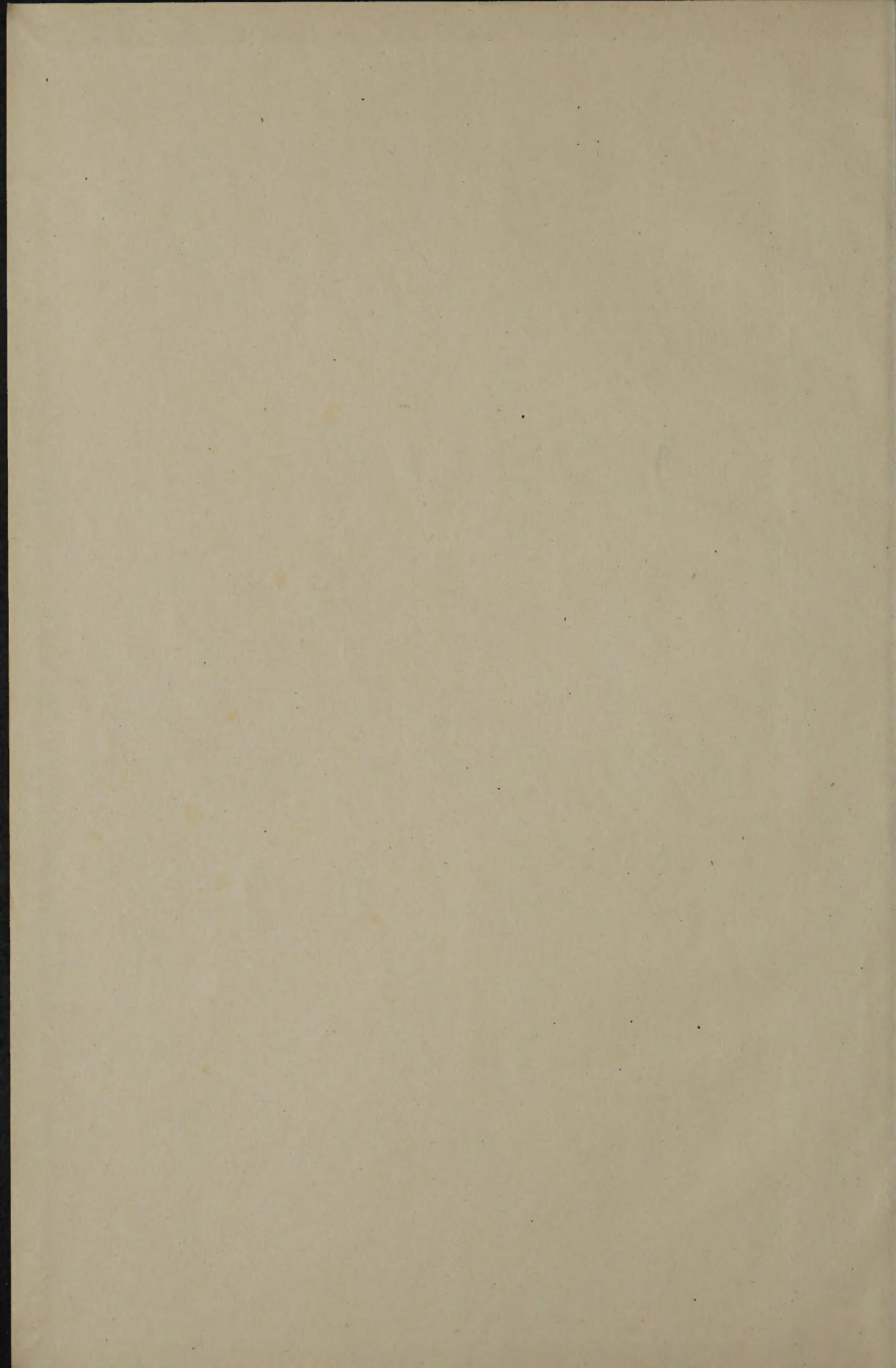
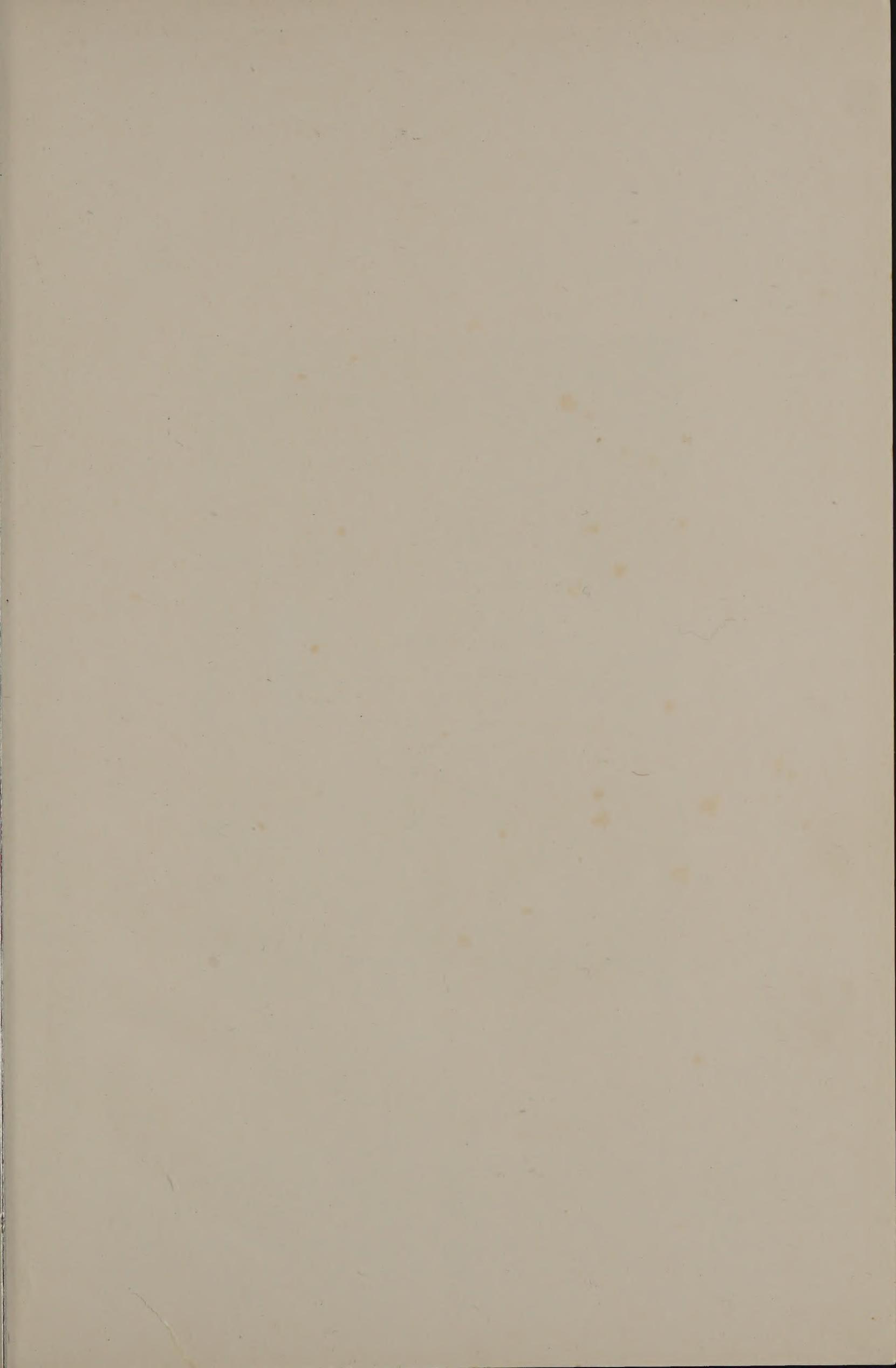


The
Skirmisher

1907







THE CADETS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME TO

COL. GEO. W. BRUCE,

AS A MARK OF APPRECIATION FOR HIS
GENEROUS ASSISTANCE IN MAKING
SUCCESSFUL THIS AND OTHER
UNDERTAKINGS OF
THE CORPS.



COL. GEO. W. BRUCE, A. B. A. M., President of St. Charles Military College.

THE SKIRMISHER

—OF—

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INTRODUCTION.

IN WRITING our Annual we do not attempt to rival the depth of Plato nor the beauty of Shakespeare, but we do attempt to portray a few incidents and scenes of school life as they really are, and in our own college dialect. So, if in reading the following pages you find some of our expressions not of the best, remember—that it is impossible for every production to be the “best” and that our aim was not so high.

FIRST CLASS HISTORY.

When, as first year men, we first appeared on the campus, we viewed with awe the heroes who had undergone a year of it and still remained alive.

Dispersing into little groups we stood silently listening to gruesome tales, told by voluble second year men, of how the Commandant made the fellows bow before speaking to him, and made them crawl by him on the street.

As time passed and we received our share of the initiating, we began to look upon the place as partly ours, but we were still all eyes and admiration for the men who could look so fearlessly into the faces of the faculty officers. When we asked them what was meant by such words as parade and inspection, we were told to “wait till we begin to drill, then you’ll get yours.” And so it went on until we had become as worldly wise and as efficient as the second year men themselves. And then when commencement was over and we were beginning to prepare for the home-going many were heard to express these sentiments, “wait till next year, then we’ll get ours.”

The morning of September 14, 1904, saw us back, laden with stories of life that would have struck fear to the heart of Napoleon himself. And did we get a chance to tell ‘em? We most certainly did. And we told ‘em too. One credulous youth was told to “get you a pair of skates, we’ll drill on them during the cold weather.” And, forgetting the fact that we had been as credulous as they were, we laughed heartily at the way they believed. Many were the pranks we played upon the “Rats.” They were so easy and unsuspecting. Oh! we got ours.

Our third year was less gay and reckless, even though we had many frolics and spent many hours devising plans to precipitate rushes between the third and fourth classmen, in which we ourselves had figured so valiantly such a short while ago, yet time passed rapidly and lo, our third commencement loomed before us, and as we stood looking forward we could see, just rising above the horizon, the eve of another commencement day, when we would be proclaimed graduates. MY! the name sounded big and we could feel ourselves swelling with importance.

The summer had flown, once again we set foot upon the familiar campus and greeted old friends. It all seemed very sweet to us and we do not look forward to commencement as eagerly as we once did, because we know that then we shall say good-by to those, who, in their daily companionship and association, have become far dearer to us than we realized. And so, a tinge of sadness comes over us as we, looking through a number of years, see ourselves separated by many things. We are not as we used to be, our very trend of life is far separated now, and we shall never more experience that dear companionship which we enjoyed as the class of 1907.

SECOND CLASS HISTORY.

When we first came to this place we were rather surprised to see boys like ourselves out playing and having a good time. From the stories of military schools we had heard, we had thought that the boys would either stand and look at each other and at the teachers with a sullen stare, or would be a bunch of savage hazers. And so we stood with our hands in our pockets agreeably disappointed, and watched the boys while our fathers talked to that Awful Individual, Col. Bruce. Then a horn blew and we saw the boys running to the walk between the two buildings. They lined up and the horn blew again. And roll was called. We ate with Col. Bruce, and the boys ate in another room; we wondered what it was like. This place didn't "look good to us," we wished we were out of it. As night approached, and our fathers left us, our courage left us also, and we decided it would be far sweeter to get out of here, for hadn't we heard that all the hazing was done at night? Well, most of it is, that's when we got ours. We ran, but it was no use. They caught us, and though we kicked and fought, we were made prisoners, and the next morning we were rolled on to a blanket, the boys caught hold of it, and we experienced the joy (?) of being pitched in a blanket, for the first time.

But soon we were taken in by the boys and made to feel at home. And then our college life began. Time passed. We no longer feared the cadets and faculty officers, and were perfectly at home. Life was fairly pleasant. We went to the receptions at Lindenwood and other receptions and dropped back into our daily routine, as if nothing had happened. Soon, almost before we knew it, our first commencement dawned upon us, and then we departed for home.

When we returned the following year, along with other pleasures, we had the pleasure of helping "salt down" the new "Freshies."

This year we fought the 4th classmen and enjoyed ourselves very much. We always carried our pennants and yelled at the athletic games. We were appointed Corporals; "some men have greatness thrust upon them," you know, and indeed felt our importance. But time passed quickly and our second commencement rolled around. And afterwards at the beginning of this year, we came back, full fledged Juniors. We have enjoyed class rushes between the 3d and 4th classmen and we helped raise the rows. But we are looking forward now to our third commencement, when we will leave to return as 1st classmen. We reverence the words. They sound big to us. Then we will part forever, it may be, each to his own path of life, but at present we must be content with ourselves as 2d classmen, and the coming class of 1908.

THIRD CLASS HISTORY.

"Bang! Stop him! Catch him! Hold him! Ouch! Oh, Hurrah!" Such a noise could have but one result—sure enough—"there comes the O. D.!"

And did you ever see a row between a bunch of lower classmen, but what there was some "self satisfied" first year man standing near by, with a cigarette between his lips, enjoying the scene, and doing side line coaching between the acts? No, you never did. Well, this noise signalized the beginning of such a row, and the never failing senior classman was there, only he didn't have the cigarette between his lips—because you recall, the O. D. was coming. But long before the O. D. arrived, long before his emphatic questions could be answered by the grinning first classman, a little terror stricken fourth classman had made his exit through a gym window, followed by a murderous crowd of yelling third classmen, and the

history of the class of '09 had begun. We were off at last and had gotten our start "on the jump," and, while the third classmen followed, they never caught up. They are following still, where the class of '09 leads the way.

Our first year is past, why dwell upon its glories, or tell again the old story of "how the 'Rats' trimmed the third year men?" Let us rather remember our motto, "We live in the present," and turn the page to see what shall be revealed on the other side. Ah! it is almost filled. There remains yet a few lines more. Hastily we scan the column. Each name as it is read brings with it an echo, some far away, some beginning near and then dying away until at last it is lost in the distance, while some are loud and of short duration. So we are reminded of the "Rats" who did not return, and that new men, who did not spend their——— year in St. Charles Military College have come to fill their places.

The page is soon finished, it is not long, but be it on the gridiron, the diamond, or wherever the St. Charles Red and Blue is raised, the third classmen's Red and Black stands never last in the line of those who send forth their men to fight in defense of her.

But a few months more and the final words will be added, and, as we lift the cover to close the book, perhaps we may pause for a moment and peep between the covers for one last look. The horizon is set back a step and our view of the world is made a little broader and clearer. As we release the cover and the book closes with a bang, thoughts of these things are forgotten and we turn with mingled feelings of joy and regret, knowing we are third classmen no longer.

FOURTH CLASS HISTORY.

To me was given the honor of writing a history of the class of 1910, or, in other words, "The Rats." This is the largest class in school, that is, in numbers, and no doubt will claim the honor of being the largest physically in 1910. Our first days of school life were by no means the most pleasant, but after a little mild hazing and initiating, we "Rats" began to assume the form of cadets. We were a source of much ridicule to the "old fellows" in our first few weeks of drill. We executed the "about face" much like an icehouse would have done, and our right hand salute, --well, that was indescribable. But we finally mastered these and became as skilled in the military line as the older fellows.

So far the class of '10 has done nothing in athletics, but we hope next year to be represented in all our teams. Last and not least (?) are our studies—well "exams" will decide whether or not we will be third classmen next year. Now, that the winter days have gone and the spring days are quickly gliding by, our thoughts are homeward turned and we look forward to the summer time, but still there is a sadness in our hearts at parting from each other and from scenes of our school life, for who of us does not say, "school days are the best."

A MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE.

Fernando Combs's life so far had undoubtedly been a failure. He had spent his best years in his little laboratory in one of the larger Western cities and had accomplished nothing. Here he had untiringly worked on some theory or other concerning which not even his closest friends knew the least. He had always been a mystery to them, for without any apparent source of income he had kept up his club and fine apartments.

Combs was a man who kept his successes and failures to himself, so when one afternoon he received a letter from his lawyer in New York, stating that his father's estate had been exhausted and that no more checks would be forthcoming, he determined not to burden his friends by mentioning it. He immediately dismissed all his servants, except one, gave up his magnificent suite of rooms and sent in his resignation to his club. His friends were not only much surprised but alarmed when these things happened, and, of course, made many inquiries.

"Well, you see," he would smilingly reply, "I am getting a little too old for such foolishness, and besides, if I don't soon get to work, somebody will find it before I do."

Many explanations were offered as to what this *it* could be, and the general conclusion arrived at was that it was some discovery Combs was working on. Indeed, his friends were right, for he had since his early manhood, firmly believed that some composition, in solid, liquid or gaseous form could be found, which would have many times more life-giving properties than common food. For years he had worked with solids; and at last, thoroughly disgusted, had given it up to experiment with liquids. Any realization of his hopes seemed as far distant with this as with solids, and now he had put this aside. Fully appreciating his financial condition, and also the possibility of success, he determined to grasp the one remaining chance, namely, with gases, and to pursue it with unrelenting vigor. With the terrible thought that unless he accomplished something soon he would be compelled to do actual work, he decided upon a step which at first seemed very rash. This was nothing less than to exile himself from civilization for several months, and, in some out-of-the-way and unfrequented place, to work on his theory. He clearly realized the hardships and difficulties of such a course, but his mind was made up, and without even consulting his friends, he commenced preparations.

First, of course, he must find a place which would answer the purpose of a home, and which would have such natural advantages as good water supply and ground for garden. Purchasing an outfit similar to that used by a miner who is "prospecting," he, with his servant, Chauncey, started to the mountains.

It was barely evening when they came upon an old miner's cabin in the midst of the foot-hills. Their request for a night's lodging was, of course, not refused, and soon they were seated with their host around the fireplace.

"What may ye be a doin' way out here, strangers? Prospectin' I reckon," inquiringly asked the miner.

"Yes, we are prospecting. That is, looking for a building or good location, but not for gold," replied Combs.

"What may ye a' done that ye hadn't leave God's country?"

"Oh, we haven't done anything, but just want to get away from city life and experiment unmolested by neighbors."

Of course the latter part was untranslatable to the old man, but no longer suspecting them of escaping justice or of being greedy gold hunters, he opened up his heart to them.

"Let me see; did ye say ye wanted to find some old cabin up yonder?" asked the miner, pointing to the mountains.

"Yes, we'd like to find something that would do for a home for a few months."

"Wal, I don't reckon I kin help ye any. But say! Just wait! Suppose you've heard of that old un at Wild Cat Bend? Say ye hain't, eh! I reckon that ud' be jest what yer lookin' fur."

Combs was now very much interested and asked for a description of the old building.

"Wal, ye see," began the miner, "there was a feller named Hiram Hicks went up there nigh, let me see, nigh eighteen years ago, and thinkin' he'd made a purty good stake, he and his men built a big shack and was goin' to stay the whole year. It happened one night soon after they'd got things in runnin' order that a wild cat was makin' a lot a' noise and so old Hiram got down his gun and went out to kill the pesky critter. It was dark and rainin'. What should the old fool do but slip just after he shot the cat. He killed the varmint, but the next day the fellows found the remains a' both 'bout 2,000 feet below. They didn't seem to do any good after the old man was gone, and it wasn't very long afore all had left. I guess fur a good many years there haint been nobody around there."

Combs was more than delighted on hearing this, and handing the old man all the change he had in his pocket, he asked him to take them to the place the next day. The miner readily accepted, and soon all retired to their bunks for the night.

They started bright and early the next morning, and late in the evening passed Wild Cat Bend and reached the cabin. The building and surroundings were better than they had hoped for. After thoroughly examining them, they started back to the miner's home. The return journey was very pleasant, and the old miner was left the next evening only after he had promised to act as guide when they returned to take possession.

On reaching home Combs immediately proceeded with the work of packing his goods and laboratory supplies. His selection of chemicals and apparatus was very carefully carried out, and only those things which he thought he would actually need were taken. He also gave a great deal of attention to the matter of provisions, and purchased a sufficient amount to keep himself and his servant for six months. His next step was to hire several large wagons, known in the west as "prairie schooners," with drivers and horses, into which he packed all his property. After bidding good-by to his friends, he left for his new home. The journey was very difficult, but after three days' climbing under the guidance of the old miner, he safely rounded Wild Cat Bend and arrived at his destination. After repairing the buildings, he dismissed the teamsters and guide and unpacked the goods. He was now finally landed to stay, and he proceeded with the help of his one retainer, Chauncey, to prepare the laboratory. After a couple of weeks of hard work, everything was in order and Combs commenced experimenting in earnest.

As has already been stated, his one unexplored field lay with gases. All his efforts were now turned towards experimenting with this. Whenever any new gaseous composition was found, which he wished to test thoroughly as to its life-giving properties, he would test it on some small animal, generally a rat. This trial was made by placing a rat in an air-tight jar filled with the gas and after three or four days "cure," examining it to see if it were alive or dead.

During the first few weeks of his experimenting, Combs was very hopeful, but as the days wore slowly on and failure after failure overtook him, the ever-present dread of poverty took possession of him.

It was on a hot afternoon, after a long and tiresome day's experimenting that he stumbled upon a gas that he decided to test. After directing Chauncey to prepare the "sacrifice," he thoughtlessly went about the mechanical part of the test, and soon the rat was being fed something besides hot air. The next day he examined the subject and finding it apparently dead, he left it in disgust. The following morning, however, when he removed the bell-jar from over the rat, he noticed that while it was dead to all appearances, it moved slightly. Thinking that it was caused by the table being jarred, he left it and returned to his work. Some minutes later, while thinking of the experiment, he recalled the movement of the animal and from pure curiosity determined to ascertain the cause. When he reached the place where it had lain, he was astonished to find that it was no longer there. Thinking that perhaps Chauncey had thrown it out, he inquired of him, but that individual stoutly denied having anything to do with the animal, except to capture it. After much deliberation, the only conclusion Combs could reach was that the creature had not been dead, but after being left to the air for a few minutes had jumped down and "cleared out." All of Combs's forebodings of failure now left him, and while he was not certain he had found what he had so long been searching for, yet he was confident he had discovered something. The next step was immediately to repeat the experiment, it being performed exactly like the first, with the exception that the rat was placed in a wire cage after it had been taken from the air-tight jar. The second test proved as successful as the first, for even after three days' treatment the animal came out alive. From this he concluded that the gas was not only nourishing, but produced sleep. His hopes were now unbounded, and with dreams of returning to the city with his discovery, he commenced preparations to make a goodly quantity of it. He had brought from home a large iron tank, and after several days' hard work, he succeeded in filling it. Arrangements were then made for the return journey. Before starting, however, Combs, wishing to make sure that no mistake could possibly have been made, determined to test the gas on some larger animal than had been used. Chauncey at once offered himself and although Combs at first refused to consider such a proposition, after much pleading on the servant's part, he decided to use him. A tube was run from the tank and from this Chauncey was to take inhalations every few hours during the three weeks of the test, in the meantime abstaining from the use of all other food.

It was while Chauncey was taking his first nourishment and with the tube in his mouth was drawing in deep draughts of the gas, that Combs left him, and crossed to the opposite side of the room. He had remained there only a few minutes when he became aware of a very peculiar odor, and also that an unnatural feeling was creeping over him. Turning, he saw that the tube had dropped from his servant's mouth and that he was lying unconscious on the floor. He saw, too, that unless he quickly reached the tank and stopped the flow of gas, he also would be under its power. Starting towards it, he had gone but a few feet when he fell to his knees. Rising with difficulty, he stumbled on. Would he reach it or not? A moment later he pitched forward upon his face.

Away up in the mountains, many years later, a man sat in a little room filled with dust-covered chemist's supplies and apparatus, and looked about him. He was much surprised to find his clothes ragged, his hair long and gray, and his limbs stiff and aching. He shuddered when he saw a human form, correspondingly attired and with similar hair and beard,

lying near him. Going to him, after several attempts, he finally succeeded in awakening him. The newly awakened man was likewise astonished when he looked about the room and saw his companion. For some time they stared at one another. Then the awful truth dawned upon them. Long and hard did the elder of the two search his mind for a certain something. But not one jot could he remember. It had been attained, but now was lost forever.

MAKING A TOUCH-DOWN.

As Jackson saw the men line up, the feeling of nervousness, which assails all athletes just before a contest, left him, and he wondered at his composure. Williams had gained three yards; Johnson had gained three yards; but Roberts, the third man to carry the ball, had lost ten. Jackson knew that he must win the game. He dug his cleats into the earth and clenched his hands. The cheers of the grandstand came to his ears like the roar of thunder. He dared not look to either side. Always ahead he saw the heavy line of the opposing team, looking fresh enough for another twenty minutes of hard playing. It was like a terrible dream, so unreal.

"4-8-K-5Y."

The signal came to his ears as from afar, but without a moment's hesitation he sprang forward. Gillis, the left guard, was too light for his opponent, and failed to make an opening, but by clever dodging, Jackson was able to slip past the line, and almost before he knew it, he was on the open field, with only two or three before him. He ran as he had never run before, and seemed to be leaving the pursuers far behind, then he realized that his fierce burst of speed was over, and that they were gaining upon him. When he realized this, his breath almost failed him, his feet almost failed him; he thought of the girl in the grandstand, what would she think of him? Her brother had done well, but he—what would she think of *him*? He wondered if she really cared. These thoughts occupied his mind as he neared the goal line. Then the words of the Coach sounded in his ears: "Go on boy, and win. Keep your head up, and put on more speed, they're gaining on you."

The distance between those white lines seemed almost interminable, his breath came in sobs, he felt as if he *must* stop. He could hear the feet of his pursuers pounding behind him, gaining, ceaselessly gaining.

He took one deep breath, fastened his eyes on the two goal posts—and to this day he remembers nothing else. It was a grand exhibition of grit, he gradually pulled away from his opponents, and staggered on. He did not hear the people cheer him on, he did not hear his name, but in his heart he heard a girl cry: "Win, boy, for I love you." Then he staggered across the goal line. He had won. His room-mate, "Dickey" Mallory, picked him up, carried him to the dressing room, in spite of the surging crowd, and finding the doctor, went to work to restore him to consciousness.

Mallory saw a smile flit across the face of the half back, and a word tremble on his lips. He bent over and heard the word, "Elsie," then—"What did he say?" asked an inquisitive freshman. "Water," was the laconic response.

At last he was revived. As he opened his eyes, he was met with congratulations and compliments. "I had to do it, fellows," he said. "It was for the College." But in his heart he knew it was for her too. "How is Williams?" he asked. "He is all right," answered the others, "he played the game, all right." "I'd like to see him," said Jackson, "where is he?" They picked him up and carried him over to where Williams lay outstretched on a table. "Hullo, Jack," said that individual,

with a smile, as they came up. The two clasped hands. "What will Elsie say to this?" asked Williams. "When I left this morning, I said to her, Jackson is the man to carry the ball, he is always a good line plunger," "Yes," she answered, "there's no yellow in him." "Did she say that?" asked Jackson, eagerly. "Well not those exact words, but something to that effect." Then Jackson rolled over, and hid his face; they covered him carefully. When the doctor came back, he found Jackson shaking with sobs. "What's the matter with him?" asked Dickey. "Nervousness," said the doctor, and he thought he was right.

That night a reception was given in honor of the football team. For a time Jackson did not want to go, but he happened to think that Miss Williams would be there, so he started out. When he arrived, he set out to find her, and at last he saw her in a corner, with her back to him. He approached and spoke to her. She seemed much surprised to see him. "Why, Mr. Jackson," she exclaimed, "where have you been, I've looked for you to tell you that you just played fine this afternoon." "It was a hard game," he replied, "but we won and I'm satisfied." "I was so excited," said the girl, "I wanted you to win for Tom's sake, this is his first game you know."

They were walking toward the door, and the night was a beautiful one. "Let's walk on the campus," he suggested. So they went out into the moonlight, and walked up and down one of the walks for quite a time in silence. At last she said, "How do you feel in a ball game, what do you think of?" "Well, it is unpleasant at times, and at others we enjoy it." "What did you think of when you were making that long run?" she asked. His heart was pounding fiercely and some words trembled on his lips, but he forced them back. At last he replied, "Oh! I thought of the men behind me." They fell silent for a while, and each seemed to know that something was going to happen, and both were frightened.

"When do you graduate?" she ventured.

"In June."

"Then you'll leave?"

"I must."

"But can't you stay a while longer?"

"No, I must go right away."

"We'll all be sorry to see you go."

"Yes, and I hate to go; everybody has treated me so nice, and I can't bear to leave them."

"But you'll come back?"

"Yes, I suppose so, some time."

Again the silence engulfed them, and this time it was he that broke it, as he said, reluctantly, "I suppose I'd better go now," then looking at his watch, "why no, it's only ten-thirty, shall we stay out longer?"

"If you wish it," she replied.

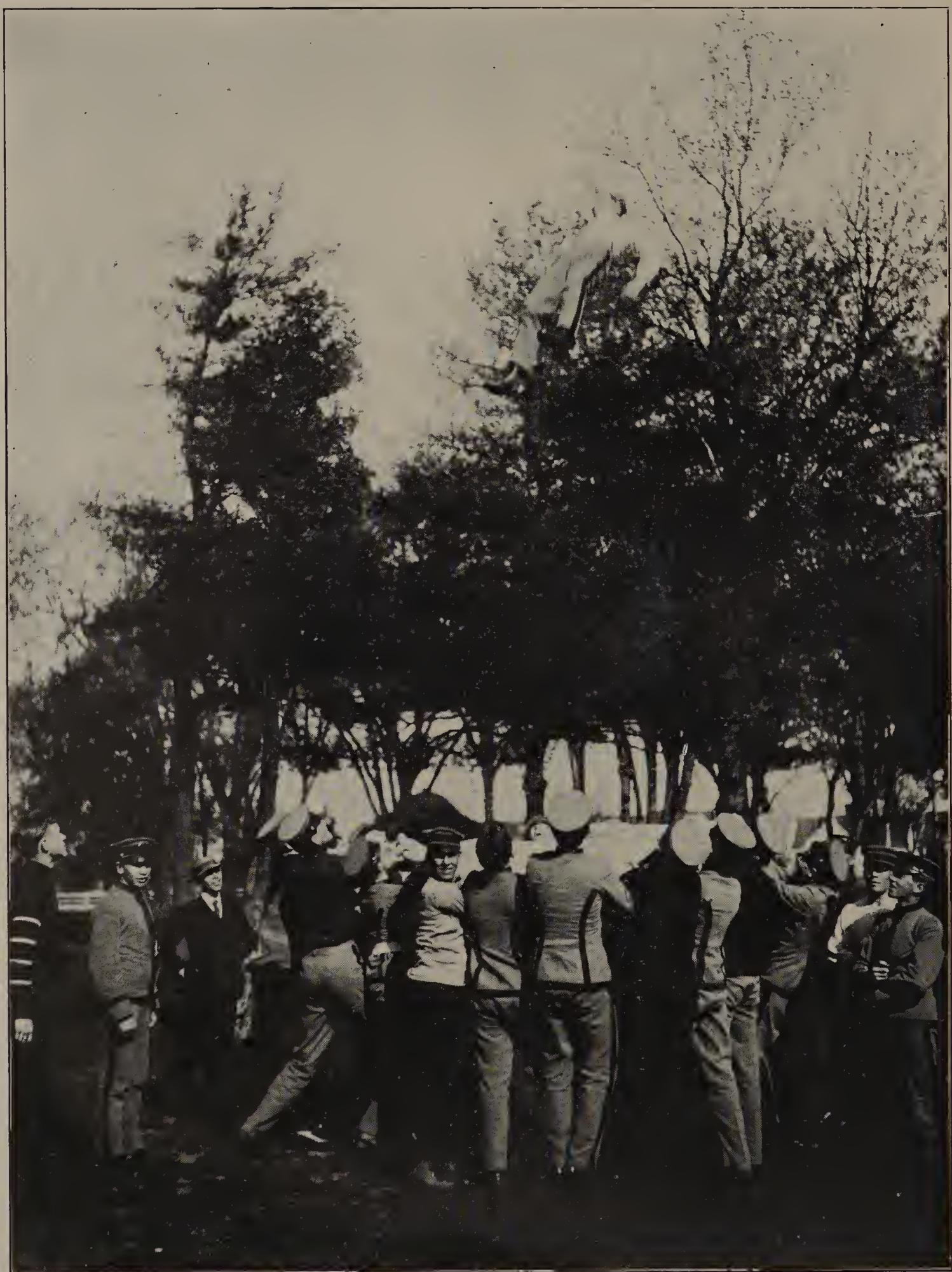
"I'd rather be with you than in Heaven."

It was a bold speech, and he waited trembling for her answer. There was none, and he grew bolder.

"You asked me what I thought of when I made that run. I thought only of you, even when I crossed the goal line, and fainted, it was with your name on my lips, and your face in my eyes. Don't think me foolish for saying this, I won that game for you. Elsie, I love you."

He had risen and stood before her, looking down at her with a light in his eyes which she had seen there before. At last she raised her eyes to his and said, "Dear old Ralph, I love you too."

"Thank God," he whispered, as he knelt and kissed her.



MILLER, L., "UP IN THE AIR."

THE YOUNG MAN OF TO-DAY.

BY XENOPHON P. WILFLEY.

I am sure that, in asking one of so limited experience to address you, you took into consideration the possibility of a departure from, and consciously assumed the risk of a sacrifice of, the time-honored themes of Commencement occasions. And if I draw sparingly from the lessons of history, or forbear to indulge the imagination in prophecy, it is not because I disparage the value of either, but rather because the young man of to-day, amid the problems with which he has to contend at the present time, appeals to me as of greater interest and more practical importance to you than the splendid history of those who have gone before, or even the possibly more splendid achievements of those who are to come after.

While the young man of to-day draws his inspiration from the past and builds his hopes for the future, the really vital questions that interest and perplex him are those of the present. He must take an inventory of the resources with which Nature has endowed him and seek to invest them where they will accomplish the greatest results and achieve for him the largest returns. The disposition of our times is to turn every thing into the profitable—the practical. Indeed it sometimes seems as if everything were some form of cash to us, and that our ideas are only valuable when they can be transformed into the hard metal of activity and valued for what they will produce, rather than their possession. To lament this situation would be to decry our splendid material progress, which is the result of this intensely practical spirit. As population becomes more dense, the struggle for subsistence grows more intense and human ingenuity is taxed to a greater degree to provide means to utilize the resources of Nature and multiply the means of protecting and developing them. This is in reality the science of society and each generation furnishes new problems for solution. We have had settled for us the question of freedom of thought in society, freedom of opinion in religion and freedom of action in politics. These are privileges enjoyed by all. But the question of economizing the resources of Nature and establishing a fair and equable division of the products of the earth appeals with special force as the population of the earth increases. We are practicing greater economy to-day than we ever practiced before, not only in husbanding the material resources of Nature, but in utilizing the mental resources of man. It requires less time to accomplish the same result, and consequently, individual capacity is multiplied many fold. St. Louis and New York have been brought within the sound of the human voice and an electrical current connects Boston with London. Such achievements as these have multiplied the possibilities of man until his capacity to-day is greater than ever before in the history of the world. The discoveries of electricity have enabled one man to do the work that was formerly accomplished by ten and have opened up new fields of operation which the nine that were left idle are not able to fill.

Wealth does not consist simply in raw material. The forest and field and mountain contain wood and soil and mineral, but the strength and skill of man must be applied before they have value. Pig-iron is worth thirty dollars per ton. Make it into car wheels and it is worth a hundred dollars per ton; make it into razor blades and it is worth five hundred dollars per ton, and into watch springs and it is worth five thousand dollars per ton. This is the value that human skill adds to the raw material. Millet bought a yard of canvas for one franc, paid two more francs for a hair brush and some colors. Upon this canvas he spread his genius, giving us the "Angelus." The original investment in raw material was sixty cents. His intelligence gave that raw material a value of a hundred and

five thousand dollars. Calculate the percent on the investment and credit it to endowment of mind.

But the objection is raised that there is a lack of opportunity, and that falls with depressing emphasis upon those who are without material resources with which to begin life. Let me say in regard to your opportunities—that, surrounded by your worldly circumstances, adverse though they may seem to you, you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed, and who will occupy the important positions in the future history of this commonwealth. The captains of industry to-day are those who began life poor boys. And what does this signify? It signifies that from that little schoolhouse yonder, surrounded by meadows and forest, attended by children from plain, simple, though honest and elegant homes, may come the men who will be leaders of thought and action in this community. The cynic may scorn and sneer and tell you it is no use to try, but I want to tell you that the opportunity is here. The world is as large in every respect as it ever was, and in some respects it grows larger all the time. Many fields have been explored and possessed, but there are many yet undiscovered. Numerous opportunities continually arise where there is a chance to accomplish something extraordinary. True, it requires a higher quality of effort and excellence to-day than ever before, but the eye was given us to see, the mind to discern and the hand to grasp the opportunity that raises us above the commonplace. Enthusiasm, energy and intelligence are more reliable than luck or trick or pull. The conflict fierce? Yes. But we should not be discouraged because of that, for that stimulates us to greater effort and calls upon us to utilize those faculties that have lain dormant and economize much that has hitherto been wasted.

The call to the young man of to-day is to be self-reliant and responsible. These bring caution, foresight, prudence, courage, strength and initiative. Have confidence in your own powers and faith in your own possibilities if you would succeed. The young man of to-day cannot afford to risk his chances upon luck or prestige. In the conflict in which he must engage, reputation does not count like character. The question is not "Young man, what is your heritage?" but "Young man, what can you do?" Success consists in knowing how. Culture and character and virtue come from the treadmill processes of application, cultivation, education. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," saith the Master. Others may sing the couplet,

"Let me be little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone;"

but I do not believe God ever prized a soul very highly that wanted to be little and unknown. It is contradicted by the divine command, "Of him to whom much is given, much will be required." To one is given five talents, to another two, to another one, to each according to his several ability. That is God's law. "To him that hath (doeth) shall be given that he may have (do) more abundantly; and from him that hath not (doeth not) shall be taken even that which he hath." That may seem hard, but is it the inevitable and universal experience of mankind. We all have some talents—maybe five, maybe two, but surely one. It is up to us to multiply our powers and possibilities or they will be dissipated. The wealth of the world is constantly changing hands. There is always a chance for keen, active, efficient manhood. Man was created for a purpose and that purpose was to be of value to his fellowmen. No man can be of value to his fellowmen who is not true to himself, true to his friends and true to his God; and when he is all that, he realizes that the fundamental entity of human life is something more than acquiring material comfort, that within there is a region of mind and heart, holy and wonderful,

an end in itself, that cannot be spelled out in action any more than life can be measured by words or man by events—that the thoughts and feelings of the human heart are the ultimate facts about us, the end of our being the real and boundless life. "There is nothing that makes men rich and strong, but that which they carry inside them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand."

The value of man's achievements in the material world must not be deprecated, because it is the result of effort for material gain. There is nothing in the entire economy of the Universe that would indicate that the discovery and appropriation of the wonderful mysteries of God would of itself stultify the higher qualities of the soul. There is no reason why we should not rejoice at the great work man has accomplished in annihilating space, net-working continents with railroads, dispelling darkness with electricity, making nation pulse to nation with mysterious life and bringing the four points of the compass to a convenient center. Grand achievements! But the progress of the world is not through material advancement alone. Beyond appetites to be satisfied and wealth to be accumulated, there are tastes to be cultivated, intellects to be developed, and spiritual natures to be enlarged and beautified. These, above all other undertakings to which the human mind can devote itself, are foremost and supreme. That man is of the most value to society who can place the true estimate on things of the spirit as compared with those of the flesh, and who can place a true value on wisdom as well as wealth. And that man is most fit to survive who can express and employ the greatest number of the best principles for the betterment of all mankind including himself. He who would play well his part must devote himself to the questions of his own value to society. If you would catch the spirit of the times, you must realize that progress is not accident, but the result of the individual adapting his constitution to conditions and applying his effort to the obstacles that surround him. Patience and perseverance are necessary requisites to success, but a large majority of those who fail are suffering from paralysis of the will, failure to master self, a lack of self control. "To thine own self be true" and of thine own self be king. Never decline to do anything simply because it is difficult, and never assent to do anything that has not the sanction of reason, the approval of judgment and the consent of conscience. Cherish your ideals. Keep them ever before you. Have a program of life and carry it out. Make yourself valuable to society if you would get the largest satisfaction out of life. If we could conceive of a state of society wherein every man and every saved-up dollar were at work producing something that has real and present value, there would be no panics and no hard times. The continuance of prosperity depends upon the proper economic use of labor and capital and land rather than upon the amount of it. The strength of our civilization is in the development of the individual, for we make him supreme. No community can rise higher than the controlling sentiment of its individual members. Whatever may be the influence and power of any one man in this community, public opinion is made up from the aggregate of the ideas, purposes and ambitions of all the people. While you may not occupy the important and controlling positions, you can lend your individual support to those who do. It is plausible to preside over the destinies of a nation with ability. We celebrate the achievements of those who die on the battlefield as heroes, but, after all, the greatest service to society is performed by him who lives and thinks and acts well because it is noble and right. The young man of to-day is confronted by a situation of extraordinary interest because of the tremendous possibilities that his wonderful opportunities present. Let him press on to his high calling, gain strength from the resisting obstacles and achieve greater results as the days go by.

REVEILLE.

The bugle call that sounds so clear
When sleep's so sweet to me,
The one we all so hate to hear,
The one called Reveille.
At "Taps" all duties are dismissed
So we refreshed shall be,
When 'roused in early morning's mists,
By the notes of Reveille.
At night, though rap't in slumbers deep,
I still turn wearily
Imagining yet while I sleep,
'Tis long past Reveille.
We love to miss "Inspection," true,
But never B. R. C.
Yet when warmest is the bed to you,
Comes the call of Reveille.
Though other calls are hard to bear,
None sounds so dismally,
As clear on winter's frosty air,
Bursts forth the Reveille.
I wonder now, in later years,
If I may possibly
Dispel the hate and inward fears
I have of Reveille.
When passing years to me have brought
Young children 'round my knee,
Will then not come some sweeter thoughts,
Than those of Reveille?
In experience I have found
This lesson true to me:
If I at taps lie down,
I'll rise at Reveille.
So when taps shall sound my last long sleep,
Its call shall welcome be,
For Christ will His great promise keep,
And have a Reveille.
And thus it is that I can die,
From fear and sorrow free,
Knowing I shall be 'wakened by
A celestial Reveille.

ORGANIZATIONS

TRIPLE "V" ATHLETIC CLUB.

President	"Dreamy" Wheeler
Manager	"Snake" Clayton

GLADIATORS.

"Monkey" Hagee	"Toot" Logan
"Pat" Gilmore	"Bub" McCausland
"Didici" Clayton	Stanley Wilson
"B. T." Miller	"Sooner" Sitton
"Cotton" Gladding	Charles Ford
"Gaty" Gatewood	"Tal" Gray
"Nasty" McCombs	"Lengthy" Brandt

Colors—Royal Blue and Gold.

Yell—Hip, hi, hi; Rubbie, dub, dub; S. C. M. C., Triple "V" Club.

Motto—Venisti, Vidimus, Vicimus.

Organized in January 1907. Object being to obtain instructions in such branches of sport as dumbbells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, wrestling, boxing, ground tumbling, etc. Meetings are held in the Gymnasium on Saturday nights.

The different branches are retained as follows:

Dumbbells, Medicine Ball—Miller, E., Gray, Gatewood.

Wrestling, Indian Clubs—Wheeler, Sitton, P., Ford.

Boxing, Punching Bag—Wilson, Clayton, C., Hagee, McCausland.

Jiu Jitsu, Ground Tumbling—Gilmore, Clayton, J.

Rings, Bars, Wands—Brandt, Logan.

Fencing—McCombs, Gladding.

So far, the men have progressed well, and bid fair to become very efficient in their respective work.

S. O. R. AND A. O. N. S.

President and Lord High Muck-a-muck	"B. T." Miller
Chief Prevaricator	"Dreamy" Wheeler
Retainer of the Celluloid "Medal"	"Sluefoot" Markham

CHIEF OBJECT.

SKILLFUL PROCRASTINATION.

Motto—Never move a muscle till a "Muscle" moves you.
Yell— ____! ____! ____! ____!
(Takes too much trouble.)

Favorite Dish—Beans.
Mascot—"Bill."
Colors—Shown by members' countenances.
Honorary Member—Major Mort.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

1906-1907.

MAJ. J. E. MORT,	President
MAJ. J. H. WHITMORE,	Manager
MAJ. W. R. KOHR,	Director
COL. GEO. W. BRUCE,	Treasurer
CADET-LIEUT. JAS. CLAYTON,	Secretary
CADET-SERGT. MAJ. R. McCausland,	Cadet Manager

TENNIS CLUB.

McCombs.	Shattuck.
Givens.	Smith, D.
Markham.	Carson.
Miller.	Alcorn.
Gray, T.	Gatewood.
Knappenberger.	Hanlon.
Gladding.	Flower.
McCausland.	McNeil.
Wilson.	Turner.

THE J. C. CLUB.

President	Duncan Smith
Vice-President	Charles Ford
Secretary	Geo. Hagee
Lord High Keeper of the Great Seal	C. A. Blake
Toast Master	McComb
Sergeant-at-Arms	Talmage Gray

PRIVATES.

Clayton, J.	Clayton, C.
Carson.	Gladding.
McCausland.	Gilmore.
Quicksell.	Hinkle.
Brandt.	Shattuck.

Colors—Lemon and Blue.

Yell—Hip, zip, zah! Sis, boom, ah! J. C.—J. C., rah! rah! rah!

The J. C. banquet was held one night in December. The members were dressed in various fashions, some being dressed as Indians, some as Irishmen, toughs, and so on. Cake and other appetizing refreshments were served. The feature of the occasion was a weird and fantastic dance which was held around a roaring fire. The favored gave vent to their satisfaction by shrieks and yells, which incited the various other organizations to make an attack, and had not one of the faculty appeared upon the scene, business would have "picked up." As it was, rocks were thrown at the revelers, but, fortunately, no casualties were sustained.

“BE THANKFUL.”

Be thankful, boys, be thankful,
Morning, noon and night,
If sometimes you don't get food
Be thankful for your appetite.

Be thankful, boys, be thankful,
No matter what the case,
If you have no eyes, nor nose, nor mouth,
Be thankful for your face.

Be thankful, boys, be thankful,
Do not at reveille groan,
But when you get back to your rooms
Be thankful it has blown.

Be thankful, boys, be thankful,
When someone raps you on the head,
But doesn't quite kill you, why then,
Be thankful you're not dead.

ST. CHARLES MILITARY COLLEGE RECEPTION.

The first social event of the college year was a reception given for the cadets by Col. and Mrs. Bruce, to Lindenwood, and a number of outside friends. The doors of the spacious parlors were thrown open and at an early hour the guests began to arrive. They were received by Col. and Mrs. Bruce and the faculty, after which they were received less formally by the cadets. Ferns and potted plants which were scattered in profusion about the halls and library, together with the soft radiance of the lights and the sounds of sweet music, lent enchantment to the already beautiful scene. During the evening elegant refreshments were served by the friends of the hostess. The dining room was also decorated, the color scheme being lemon and blue, then our college colors. At a late hour the guests departed and the cadets returned to their rooms feeling happier at having spent such an enjoyable evening.

LINDENWOOD'S RECEPTION.

"Say! It comes off Friday night."

This startling announcement was made early one Monday morning. And what was it that was "coming off?" Why, the Lindenwood Reception! And how did we know? Oh! on account of a little incident that set us thinking. One of the cadets had been wearing a blue army shirt the past week on account of a boil on his neck; and now he was wearing a white collar to stiffen his neck. And, besides this, the air of excitement which pervaded the whole place, would have given evidence, even to the novice, of some extraordinary occasion.

When the eventful Friday arrived, it found the cadets prepared; and as the bugle sounded the signal to assemble, we fell quickly into line, eager to be off. The hall, parlors and chapel at the college were beautifully decorated, many class and college pennants being in evidence, but not one of the cadets could have described anything he saw, so occupied was he in looking for the little Lindenwood girl who had invited him to come.

Immediately upon arrival, we were escorted to the "receiving line" where we were most cordially welcomed and made to feel at ease. The evening passed off quickly and most pleasantly, and when the bugle blew summoning the cadets to the line, we went reluctantly, and as we marched off, each rejoiced in his heart that he had been allowed to attend the Lindenwood Reception.

TREE TALK.

One evening as I sat sunning myself in my window, this thought came to me, that if inanimate objects could talk, they would have many things to tell.

I think I must have fallen to sleep, for a slow metamorphosis seemed to be taking place. I was being transported to another world, as it were. I could still see the surroundings of the College, but I seemed to be standing in an open space, with a large tree not far away from me.

Suddenly a voice behind me said, "Hello cadet." I was utterly astonished and bewildered. I had thought that I was alone, and the voice, coming so suddenly, had taken my breath away. I turned around, but there was nothing near me but the tree.

I had about concluded that I must have been mistaken when again I heard the voice, "Ah!" it said, "You humans always seem surprised at the idea that a tree should talk." "But listen, young man, and I will tell you a story. I have seen and heard many things about this old campus, and I remember a great number of them."

Still bewildered, but pleased, I sat down to listen to the story of the tree. It promised to be a rare treat. "One night," the tree continued, "I heard one cadet say that he was going to Lindenwood. I didn't know then what Lindenwood was, but I have since learned that it is a school for 'girls' as you call them—and I listened closely to see what his plans were. It seems that he was going to see a girl, and I heard him mention the name of a man Dr. A——, as if he somewhat feared or disliked him. Well, I paid no more attention to the matter, and was sleeping peacefully, late in the night, when all at once I heard the sound of rapid footsteps. Looking up, I beheld a funny sight, a young fellow, not dressed as you are, was running toward me as if he was afraid of the cadet, who was also running very fast behind him. Both jumped the fence, then both looked around, as if in fear of something. 'Oh, gee,' said the first, 'I thought you were Dr. A——.' The other stood panting for a moment, then said, 'well I must have heard my own footsteps; but say, where do you suppose he stopped?' Oh, it was so funny. I laughed to myself through the remainder of the night."

I laughed myself. It must have been funny, but hardly to the runners.

There was silence for a moment and then the tree seemed to wake from a deep reverie, and said, "But the night that the boys all ran off, was also a great night. I heard them talking early in the night and when the bugle blew, they all went to their rooms talking of running off and going down town, as it was Hallowe'en. Well, at a later hour, dark forms crept past me and climbed over the fence and disappeared. I remained awake to await the developments. Later I saw the dark forms come rushing back, with still darker forms behind them. It seemed as if the whole town police force must be after them, but it was merely the College Faculty.

"The next day there was no school, and the boys were called up and tried, to find if they had been in the fun the night before. They must have confessed, for I heard the cadet read out that they would be given thirty hours apiece. And for many nights after that, the boys walked on the campus until very late. And that 'shirt tail' Parade—when all the boys came out with loose shirts on over their suits. They were having a fine time on the campus when out came a Faculty Officer. And then, the race began. Oh! it was funny; I laughed until some of the sap from my smaller branches ran into my eyes. And the boys ran to their rooms and pulled their clothes off very quickly and climbed into bed. It was very still in a moment.

"After all were in bed, I heard: 'Bow wow, Bow wow,' as if a dog were chasing something. Then I heard the sound of some one running. These sounds grew nearer, and suddenly a cadet, in night shirt, tore round the corner running at his best, and pursued by that big dog Nero, still barking. I thought I would split open, I laughed so hard.

"And then those class rushes were funny too, I remember one thing that happened in daylight, one bunch of boys had put a flag up on one of the buildings, and another bunch went up and got it. They took it down in front of the South Barracks and set fire to it. While they were dancing around it in great glee, one of the boys who owned the flag, came out and they caught him and set him down in the flames and picked him up and set him down again and—"

The voice of the tree trailed off slowly as if it were going into a reverie, when suddenly I came to with a start. Supper call was blowing.

SHAM BATTLE.

The rain was pouring down on the night set for the Sham Battle, and the lightning flashed vividly, but still the bugle blew, calling the cadets to arms, and they responded to a man.

In spite of the bad weather, fully three hundred people were on the campus to see the fight.

The enemy had entrenched themselves behind the fence in front and to the right of the South Barracks, and occupied a very strong position. Realizing this, our Commander marched us to a place of safety and reconnoitered. Darkness was setting rapidly, and it was decided to wait until later and make a night attack.

After a time, scouts came in with dispatches, stating that the enemy's spies had ascertained our exact position and that a sally would very probably be made. To prevent this, our Commander passed the word to advance.

We advanced for quite a piece, when the command, "line of squads on first squad, MARCH," was given. We were halted at a comparatively safe distance from the enemy. "As skirmishers, MARCH." We executed this movement under a rapid but ineffective fire from the enemy. But the men were growing restless. They were eager to enter the fight. "Fire by squads, one volley, COMMENCE FIRING." There was a line of fire ran down the long line as the squads fired. Then the advance began.

It was so dark the men could scarcely see where they were going. The fire of the enemy was fast and galling. Our men were eager, however, and advanced steadily under that terrific fire. There was a continual roar of rifles and above all could be heard the blaring of the bugles, and the commands of the officers urging the men forward. The smoke hung in clouds, the lightning flashed, often revealing to the spectators a long line of dark figures, gleaming barrels, and now and then a powder blackened face.

We were wet to the bone, but feverish with excitement; and when the command, "Charge," was given, we hurled ourselves forward with a mighty cheer.

There was a lull, and when we came within a few yards of the enemy we were met by a terrific fire. We could not face it. Our officers cheered us, pleaded with us, but in vain, we were beaten back by that fire. We made a good retreat, and then began another advance. Each man was determined to do or die, and when we were ordered to charge, we went with an impetus that nothing could stop. The enemy were driven from

their intrenchments and fled in disorder. And then we "marched back, but not the Six Hundred."

All along could be heard the cries of the wounded as they slipped on the wet grass, ran into a tree, or got cracked on the head by someone's rifle. One of our scouts met with a fearful accident; while running to a point of vantage his foot slipped and he fell to a sitting posture into a large puddle of cold water; he made a heroic effort to proceed—and was afterwards accorded high praise.

We retired from the battle field, changed our clothes, listened to a serenade by the band, and then turned to our bunks, the day's work over, victory won, and SCHOOL OUT.

PARABLE OF THE TEN "KEDETS."

Now it came to pass that on the morning of the seventh day the Kedets arose at the blowing of the trumpet. Now some of these Kedets were wise and some were foolish.

And it came to pass that the wise ones retired to their cells and filled their muskets with oil, and began to clean them, but the foolish ones betook themselves to the athletic field, where they spent the morning in trying for the first team.

And it came to pass while it was yet day that inspection was at hand and the great Inspector cometh. Now the foolish Kedets bethought themselves of their unclean guns and betook themselves to the wise Kedets and said, "give us your guns that we may not be stucketh."

But the wise boys answered saying, "Not so, but go to our rooms and get some oil wherewith to clean your weapons." And it came to pass that while they were gone, assembly bloweth and the great Commandant cometh.

When the roll was called the foolish ones were missing and the Commandant sayeth in a loud voice, "verily, verily, I say unto you, oh, Sergeants, report those men who are absent from inspection!"

And it came to pass as the wise ones were being dismissed the foolish ones came running up, but too late. Now they walketh extra duty, and bemoan their fate. Oil ye, therefore, your muskets while it is yet morning, that ye mayest not be stuck in the afternoon.

REVIEW BY THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

We had been informed the evening before that Mr. Fairbanks was to be in town, and that they would try to get him to review the battalion, but we looked upon it as a joke. But when the "sweet" notes of reveille called us out at five the next morning we looked upon it as anything but a joke. We hurried into dress uniforms, putting on white belts and gloves and fell into line. There was a high wind blowing from the north and it was cold, nevertheless, we marched out upon the parade ground to await the coming of the "Presence."

Time passed and he did not come. It seemed to us as if we must freeze while we were waiting for him. We marched around the campus and back again, and still he did not come. At last, however, he arrived, in a rush too.

It was so windy that the band could not see their music to play, the brass eagle flew off the flag staff and lit on the bearer's head, and some of the officer's sashes were too short; however, despite these little accidents,

we feel that we carried the day real well, especially after we had stood for two and a half hours in the cold wind.

We were highly pleased when we were complimented by the Vice-President of the United States upon our military bearing.

But we voice the sentiment of more than one battalion of cadets when we say, "excuse us from any more Presidential Reviews." True, we are proud of this one, but excuse us from any others.

AN ESSAY ON HATS.

Of course, considered as they are worn. Say! did you ever stop to think? Oh! of course you've stopped to think, but, I mean, to think about hats? You haven't? Well, I'll declare!

But to begin my essay—Of course I shall not attempt to describe all the kinds of hats there are, for if I should, you know as well as I do, that is, if you have ever stopped to think about the matter, that such a discourse as that would keep you here from now until doomsday. Why, if I desired, I could start in now, and counting the different styles of hats on my fingers, why I could count until I had worn my fingers down to stubs. My! when I stop to think of the number of different styles of hats that I could mention, if I had the time and your patience permitted, why, I am almost overwhelmed. I become dizzy, as I see, in my mind's eye this myriad of hats.

To give you an idea of what I see: Now, there's that fine opera hat that Brandt's going to have when he marries that rich woman living out here—well, it is not necessary to name the place. And again, there's that hat with the many ornaments, the kind military men wear—don't you catch my meaning? The kind of hat Corporal Flower is going to wear when he becomes General

Then there are caps. I might mention them in speaking of hats. One kind of a cap you have to borrow a microscope to find. You remember them, Wilson wore one, the first of school. And besides these, just to give you an idea of how many kinds of hats there are and to show you how utterly impossible it would be for me to discuss all of them, I might mention the ladies' hats, the discussion of any one of which is sufficient to take up four or five essays.

Of course, we females are not supposed to know much about ladies' hats, but we all have our ideas. For instance—Ted Wheeler says that there is one kind of hat that his wife never shall wear—the kind that costs anywhere from \$25 up.

If I were inclined I might go on giving examples like this forever, but this is not the object of my essay. As I stated before, I intend to consider hats as they are worn—that is, as they appear on the people that wear them. In the first place—but, perhaps, I have already taken up too much of your time. Stopping to think about it—I am quite sure I have—so, with your permission, I will continue at another time.

A STUDENT'S IDEA OF BOTANY.

Botany is a science. Any fool could tell you that, but it is an extraordinary science. For instance, to successfully pursue the study of Botany, a natural desire for the use of large words and an almost unlimited credulity are required. Large ears and a very flexible tongue would make valuable additions to the aforesaid qualities. As the student

progresses he finds that he is indeed learning some valuable lessons. He acquires what is known as "the Botany eye," that is, he is able to recognize a cedar tree the moment he sees it. He is able to calculate its standing age, by cutting it down and counting the annual rings.

Botany places one upon a high pedestal from which he may descend to stoop and teach others who have been less fortunate in securing an education. For instance, while traveling on the train, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, he may look out the windows and, seeing a jimpson weed in the far distance, say to the ignorant newsboy, "there is a datura." Ah! doesn't that sound fine? Why, the moment one begins to study Botany, "the whole order of things changes." The "trunk" of a tree ceases to exist, and the stem takes its place. A common toadstool is no longer a toadstool, nor even a mushroom, it is an oyster fungus. The student learns that the reason animals do not eat thornbushes is that the thorns stick them. He learns that water lilies live in water because they are peculiarly adapted to that mode of life.

To find the amount of water a tree uses in one day, merely dig up the tree, shake off all dirt from the roots and weigh the whole tree. Now set the tree in a big body of water, leave it for one day, then take it out and weigh again. The difference in weight will give the exact amount of water used in one day. This is a very simple experiment and easy to work. Thus we find that a thorough knowledge of Botany will give us many facts that we might never know, unless we thought it out ourselves

Take a lump of sugar
And drop it in the "slush,"
A spoonful of "blue john,"
And pour it on the "mush;"
Set it on the table
And eat it in a rush—
That's Breakfast.

Take a little pepper
And shake into the soup,
Take a bite of meat, and then
Our jaws will loop the loop;
Thirty minutes for it, then
Out the door we troop—
That's Dinner.

When we reach the table,
The table's easily found;
The bread's on the platter
And the beans are in a mound,
And then desert the table
When dessert time comes around—
That's Supper.

EDITORIAL STAFF.



CHUMS.

They were always together, Phyllis and Jack and Billy. Never, from the time they were five, were there such chums. Phyllis lived in the white cottage of the green blinds, with the apple orchard stretching out behind, Billy, in the big yellow brick next door, and Jack SLEPT and ATE in the rambling old dwelling across the way where his stern great-aunt and uncle took him when a wee baby.

The gloomy house was a good place to play hide-and-seek on rainy days (when the old folks were away), but most usually, Jack preferred to do the visiting, for Phyllis' mamma had kind laughing eyes and her ginger-bread and cookies were hard to beat. Billy's see-saw was the best in town, to say nothing of the hay-loft, which afforded many an afternoon's enjoyment.

From morning 'till night they played, Phyllis' curly head, topped with its bright red hat, bobbing along between Jack's brown pate and Billy's yellow one. She was cared for as a tender flower. A scratch on the plump little arm brought Topsy, the kitten, to disgrace for a whole day, and a bump on the adored head filled three, instead of one, pair of bright eyes with tears, and two tender kisses served to "make the place well." No, indeed, never were there such close, close friends.

When Phil, as they sometimes called her, reached that important age of six, she was sent to a private school for little girls, while the boys went to the public school, several blocks farther on. Every morning, they manfully escorted her, books, lunch and all, to school, and every evening they waited at the gate until those bobbing curls, under the bright red hat, appeared.

Then it was play, play, play, 'till, their little legs aching, they were tucked in bed, only to dream of the good times of yesterday, and those they were again to have when they should meet in the morning.

When the boys returned from their first year of Prep. school, where they shared the same room, made the same friends, and fought the same battles, they found Phyllis a sweet girl of fifteen, ever ready as of old, to keep their pace. With the unruly curls confined by a crimson ribbon, and the red hat replaced by a tam o' shanter of the same color, she was good to look at, and the boys found her as charming as ever.

Three years later the boys entered college. The summer weeks preceding their departure, were full to overflowing, but somehow the happy comradeship was not as it had been. When Phyllis had promised to drive with Billy in the morning, Jack put in the time brushing up his Greek. When Jack had the promise of her afternoon, Billy waited for a chat in the cool of the evening, and grew cross with the waiting. The sum of it all was this: Jack had found that his old chum was now his rival, and that they both loved the same girl. And Billy had made the same discovery.

Considering these things, it was not surprising that Jack went to Yale and Billy to Harvard, with little thought of the separation. They shook hands warmly in parting, but the while looked out of the corner of their eyes at Phyllis, as she waved good-by from the trap.

The girl heard from each, of the life he was leading, of studies, gayety, sports and all. Sometimes the letters were of such sort as had been their former companionship, but often would crop out, the new feeling that was steadily growing in the heart of each. She laughed and called them "foolish," declaring that she loved them both dearly, as she always had and always would, and one not a whit less than the other. Of the two, Billy chafed the more at her impartial attitude.

In September her father had promised the boys to take Phyllis to New Haven for the Yale-Harvard game at Thanksgiving. More than ever did Jack and Billy insist on her being present, since each had made the team of his respective college, and was confident of victory.

Jack met her at the train on the morning of the eventful day, and Billy came in with the team at noon. After lunch there was little time before the men had to hurry off to prepare for the game. Billy found time, however, for a few hurried words with Phyllis and his wistful grey eyes worried her a little, for the boy was thin and didn't seem quite himself, but he laughed at her fears and said he'd rest up after the season was over.

Promptly at three the game is called. Phyllis is almost beside herself with excitement. She has refused to wear the colors of either team and is resolved to cheer for every good play. With all her heart she wishes that the score may be a tie.

And so it is at the end of the first half. The crowds are impatient for the battle to be resumed, but the Harvard faction is soon to be crest-fallen, for Yale steadily gains after an exchange of punts and with three more minutes of play, the ball is brought within ten yards of Harvard's goal line.

But on the next down, the rooters for the Crimson are brought to their feet with mad cheers, for on a fumble, Harvard's man secures the ball, and skirting the end, is well on his way to the distant goal, before Yale is in pursuit.

With a thrill of pride, Phyllis recognizes as the savior of the day—Billy. Like lightning he covers the distance and scores a touchdown, amid the thunder of cheers and hurrahs. The whistle is blown and Yale, proud Yale, has suffered defeat.

Several minutes elapse before the crowd recovers itself sufficiently to notice that Billy still lies where he had thrown himself behind the goal line. The players are unable to arouse him so the physician is summoned, without an idea of the case being anything more serious than mere exhaustion. But little more than one look brings home to him the true state of the case. With a slight catch in his voice, he speaks the unexpected words, "he won't play again boys. A case of weak heart."

* * * * *

Four days later, Jack, walking thoughtfully down the old orchard path where the three happy children had spent so many merry hours, comes upon Phyllis, lying face downward on the bench, sobbing her heart out. She had gone through all with remarkable composure, giving way not once to the awful burden at her heart and now the reaction had come.

At sight of her heaving shoulders, Jack's own eyes fill with tears. He slips a gentle arm about her waist, and presses trembling lips upon the disordered curls. "Phyllis," he whispers: "I can't bear it alone and you must not. Together is the only way. Is it that way, sweetheart? Let it be together, Phyllis!"

For answer, she placed two arms about his neck and sobbed out her sorrow on his shoulders. And although Billy was not there to help comfort her, as had been the case in the happy days of childhood, Jack tried to take the place of both, and Phyllis, no longer the laughing, merry child, but a woman grown, felt that Billy would have had it so.

"SIS."

A "NOVEL" ROMANCE.

"Castle Craney Crow" was situated at "Seven Oaks" in the "Fair Hills of Ireland." It was a "Palace Beautiful" owned by "An Old-Fashioned Gentleman," "Sir Nigel." "When Knighthood was in Flower" it was the scene of the "Reckoning," where many a "Strongheart" fought for "The Medal of Honor." Where the "Bugle Call" had summoned "Scottish Chiefs" to the "Battle Ground."

But the "Shock of Battle" is over and now it is held by the "Spoilers," unafraid of the "Ghosts of their Ancestors." "The Day Before Yesterday" they gave "The Filigree Ball." And 'twas here that "John Burt" met "Jane Cable." She was dressed in "Lavender and Old Lace," while he, as "Richard Carvel" wore "The Helmet of Navarre." Ah! "The Fair God" was with them. Their "Friendship" became love. He led her to "The Bishop's Carriage," certain he had found "The Right Princess." "The Man on the Box" said to "Captain Macklin," "We Hold the Wheel of Chance." And drove off, guarded by "The White Company."

At "Sunrise," discovering the "Elopement," the "Colonel of the Red Hussars" and the "Captain of the Grey Horse Troop," both "Masters of Men," pursued "The Masqueraders."

When they reached "The Crossing" the "Spy" cried, "Quo Vadis" and then he showed them "The Scarlet Letter," which contained "Order No. 11." "Ah!" said "The Cavalier," "If I were a King," but "I will Repay!"

But "The Spirit of the Service" called them to "The Conquest of Canaan." "Westward, Ho!" they cried, and dashed into "The Lane that has no Turning." It was their "Last Ride Together."

They found the "Fugitives" on "Vanity Square," playing "Checkers" "At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern." But it was a case of "Man and Super Man." "The Man Limitless" held "The Balance of Power," and slipping "The Grey Cloak" from his shoulders, flung "The Red Gauntlet" into the faces of the "Two Captains."

The "Prospector" aimed "The Grey Musket" at the "Man in the Case," but in "The Crisis" "The Virginian" proved to be "The Man of the Hour" and was the "Conqueror." The "Southerners" were made "The Prisoners of Zenda" and allowed to enjoy "The Reveries of a Bachelor." The "Thoroughbreds" were married by the "Little Minister" under the "Fruit Tree." Music was furnished by "The Music Master" and the "Choir Invisible."

After the "Deluge" they "Disenchanted" "Romance Island," "Blindfolded" "My Friend the Chaffeur" and went "Joggin erlong" down "The Road to Yesterday."

THE PONY.

The Pony is my helper:
I shall not flunk:
It maketh me to have clear conceptions and leadeth me to much glory.
It raiseth my standing and leadeth me in the paths of knowledge for credit's sake.
Yea, though I plod through my books of Virgil, I fear no evil;
Thy words and thy praises, they comfort me.
Thou preparest my lessons for me, in spite of instructors;
Thou crownest my head with fame, my marks run high.
Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the rest of the days of
my life
And the pony shall dwell in my house forever.

A cigarette—
A harmless thing!
It never yet
Did aught but bring
To weary man
A soothing rest.
Say what you can,
I still contest
That all this fuss
They're making now—
This dreadful muss,
And stew and row—
About the curse
Tobacco brings,
Is far, far worse
Than all the things
That this small weed
Has ever done.
('Tis all they need,
Poor little onc!)
The smoker's wind
Comes hard and short?
Get out! don't mind
Talk o' that sort!
Why, look you at
The baseball men,
Who catch and bat,
And run fast, when
You never knew
A single bloke
(Save, p'raps, a few)
Who didn't smoke!
The doctors say
It's next to rum,
And puts men daily on the bum?
Er, yes—but what
Of that! you know
A fellow's got
Some time to go.
And since just where
You're going to fly,
Away down *there*
Or to the sky,
Why not have all
The fun you can
On this round ball—
Life's a short span!
My reasoning's coarse?
My standard's low?
Oh, well, old horse,
Of course you know;
Go on, my boy,
And fume and fret—
I'll still enjoy
My cigarette.



SANDY'S BUNGALOW.

"HALF BACK SANDY" SCORED.

A WINNING TOUCHDOWN AND WON A VICTORY AT THE OPERA
HOUSE FRIDAY NIGHT.

The cadets of St. Charles Military College presented that new and exciting college comedy, "Half Back Sandy," at the Grand Opera House Friday night to a large and appreciative audience. It is useless for us to go into details in regard to the play, as it is taken as granted that all who were interested in the play were there and knew all about it, but we will say that those who took part in the play deserve credit for the able manner in which it was presented. Every member of the cast was a "star" but some of the "stars" were brighter than other stars, which is always the case.

Claude Clayton of St. Louis, who took the leading part of "Sandy," the coveted football player for whom Queenstown and Kingston Colleges were at war to secure, was one of the best characters on the programme. He did his part well and many were the compliments heard in his behalf. Cadet Milstead of this city, who took the part of the son of the president of Kingston College, was the right boy in the right place and he added much to the interesting features of the comedy. He was good; and through his love for football, Kingston secured "Sandy."

Cadet Knappenberger of Brunswick, who disguised himself as a girl to influence "Sandy" in behalf of Queenstown College, was as sweet as the ordinary girl and he made almost as much of a hit with the audience as he did with "Sandy." He deserves a great deal of credit for the part he took and the able manner in which he carried out the scheme, but with all his winning ways and enchanting smiles he failed to get the coveted football player. "Sandy's" heart was lost to Mabel Summer, the daughter of the president of Kingston College, who was represented in the play by Miss Martha Lemmon. When a boy loses his heart, the girl who has it can do almost anything with him. We all know that, and Miss Lemmon played the part so well that she was victorious in securing the coveted player and through him Kingston won the great game of the season. It was almost as exciting as a real game of Rugby would have been and the audience was very much excited when the final touchdown was made.

One of the pleasing characters of the play was "Sue," the colored girl, who in reality was Ralph Logan, of Springfield, Mo. "Sue" was all right and he made a typical negro girl. Many were the hits he made throughout the entire play. He had the audience in an uproar of laughter. Phil Krop, cousin of "Sandy" of Queenstown College, represented by Ted Wheeler, of Sallisaw, Okla., in his efforts to get "Sandy" to desert Kingston, disguised himself as "Sue" and they were so much alike that even "Sue" herself did not know who she was when they met. The audience could tell the difference, however, because Phil had a hole in his dress and his hose did not correspond with those worn by the real "Sue."

Cadet Gladding, of St. Louis, made quite a hit as the college sport. His song was appreciated very much and his drunk gave him the big head. All of those who took part in the play did fine and those who attended the show pronounced it one of the best ever given in St. Charles by local talent, which is saying a great deal when all of the other plays are considered. Miss Lemmon deserves a great deal of credit for the success, as she instructed the boys and was untiring in her efforts.—*Cosmos-Monitor.*

Y. M. C. A.

It is a well known fact that in a Military School time does not hang heavy on your hands. For this reason a successful Y. M. C. A. is something out of the ordinary. However, we that have worked in building, or endeavoring to build up a Y. M. C. A. in this institution, feel that our efforts have not been in vain.

We started the year by giving a reception to all the cadet corps and enlisting the interest of as many as possible. Our membership was increased in this way, and we were in better shape to begin work in earnest. Weekly religious meetings have been held and the members have been addressed by a number of prominent men of town. The members have been encouraged to lead the meetings as often as possible, and we find that more attend when a cadet leads than when we secure an outside man, at great expense of time and trouble as well as money.

We sent a delegation of four men to Marshall, Mo. They gathered information that we expect to use next year.

At present we are working on a play, the proceeds of which will go towards the advancement of the work of the Y. M. C. A. throughout the country.

Our Y. M. C. A. is young as yet, and we consider the work of this year as a start which the future organization may carry forward year by year.



DELINQUENCY LIST.

Maddox—Trying to set back Bugler's alarm clock.
Miller, E.—Allowing alarm clock to ring in study hall.
Bonham—Long hair at inspection.
Blackman—Trifling on extra duty.
Saunders—Yelling after taps.
Humphrey—Entering Officer's room without collar.
Humphrey—Smiling in ranks.
Hinkle—Sleeping during study hours.
Hinkle—Parading streets with girls Sunday afternoon.
Logan—Same.
Markham—Door locked at inspection.
Miller, E.—Bathing without permission.
Turner—Lying down in class.
Burr—Smell in room.
Moorehead—Beard on face. Rust in sight.
Hagee—Dolls on cap at formation.
Mitchell—Giving order to rise in mess hall.
Sittin, L.—Continually tampering with lights.
Alcorn—Neglect of duty.
Gilmore—Drinking milk at table.
Knappenberger—Moving bed into hall.
Clayton, J.—Chewing in ranks.

Maj. K.—“Have you been smoking in this room?”

Moorehead—“No, sir.”

Maj. K.—“How did all this smoke get in here then?”

Moorehead—“I was smoking out the window and it blew in.”

PEN PICTURE.

W. R. K.

At S. C. M. C. there's a boy, whom all cadets do know,
A peanut corporal is he, and very fond of show.
Each night in dress suit he does roam far up and down the hall,
But when it comes to playing catch, he is not there at all.
His mind is weak, his feet are strong, now your brows you need
not wrinkle,
For every one who has a mind will surely know 'tis H.

S. C. M. C. PROBLEMS.

'Twas a cold, cold night in January,
And taps had long been blown,
Cadets were tucked in "their downy (?) cots,"
And dreaming of love and home.
Into Mitchell's room far down the hall
A dark form crept with ease,
And from the table of this lad
The alarm clock he did seize.
At first the hands quite nervously
He turned from left to right;
Alas—alack, he did not know
The alarm he was winding up tight.
But this he soon discovered
And Mitchell did the same,
And when reports were read next day
They held this poor lad's name.
Much extra duty he did walk
And confinement he did serve,
But all cadets who heard the tale
Admired our hero's nerve.
And now, cadets, my tale is done
And the moral is clear as day;
"When Reveille you wish to be late
Turn the hands of the clock the right way."

"TICK TACKS."

You've heard of "Tick Tacks," haven't you? Yes, I know you have. It makes you think of your boy days, and how much fun you've had with them. Of how the "Old Gentleman" sometimes came out and put the quietus on you too. Well, say, you may think it funny, but here we get the quietus put on us if we *don't* use "Tick Tacks." Now I'll bet you think that's funny, don't you? And you've got your opinion of a school that will teach boys to use "Tick Tacks." What's that? You want to know what they look like and if they are like the ones most boys use! Oh, no, the "Tick Tacks" we use here are little blue books about five inches by four inches. Some people call them the U. S. Infantry Drill Regulations, or "tactics."

A PIPE

Means several things. It means something E. Z. like a "rat." It means a good time such as a long, undisturbed smoke, and last, but not least, it means several hours of E. D. if you get caught.

“FOOLISHNESS.”

It has fallen to me,
As you will readily see
To write a short piece
Of choice poetry.

Though 'tis not my line,
As you will—but I'll be
Darned if I don't,
Write this poetry.
For I know that the sine
Of an angle may be
Any old thing,
Even the square root of three.

But then an angle
Of sixty degrees
Has a different sine
As every one sees
From an angle of thirty.
But I'll be a dirty
Scamp, if I know
Whether you know this.
I'll tell you though
If you'll listen to me,
It's not what it is now cracked up to be.
And if you don't believe it,
You can try it and see,
And then you will say
If through space you fall,
“Well, he wasn't such a darned fool after all.”

And Physics is quite
Another old song
Of nothing that's right
And all that is wrong.
And Chemistry too,
I know you'll be sad
If you have it to do,
And—will do it bad;
You'll walk your time
Or sit in your room,
And curse in the gloom
Of your heaped up wrongs.

So take heed unto me
For I know what I say,
And then you will see
On some bright day
That I am a man
Of marvelous sense.
Why I have been known
To sit on the fence
All day and talk
For twenty-five cents.

To get a chew
And get a sack
Of candy, and one
Of Bull Durham Tobac.

But I must go
As I've had my quack.
If you starve or live high
Don't ever buck,
Now I'll tell you good-by,
Good Luck.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked one cadet of another, who came tearing up the road at top speed.

"Shut up, will you? What time is it?" said the individual first spoken to, as he vaulted the fence.

"5:40."

"Oh, fudge!" (Or maybe he said something else, I didn't quite catch the words). "Well, if it's that late, I might as well take my time."

Nothing was said for a few moments, while one cadet looked questions and the other regained his breath. At last, however, the latter spoke.

"Say, Guy," he began, "you've read Lindenwood's Annual, haven't you?" and upon receiving a nod in the affirmative, continued. "Well, ever since I read that piece in it about the cadets being bashful, I've been trying to figure out where it came in, and just a few minutes ago I solved the problem. I had a case of bashfulness myself. It came about this way. I was walking peacefully up Jefferson Street with about forty-five minutes to get out here in, when I met two Lindenwood girls. I raised my hat and slowed down, thinking I would say a few words and pass on."

Here the speaker grew silent, but if you could have seen his face, words would have been unnecessary. It spoke volumes. After a moment, he continued:

"Well, what do you think happened? Those girls kept talking and talking, and my time kept getting smaller and smaller, and as my time grew less, my manner became nervous, and I began edging away, seeking for some excuse to cut the interview short, and when I finally did get away, I must have been acting like a fool. As soon as I procured my release, I started on a dead run, but all to no avail; I was ten minutes late on permit when I arrived. Of course they'll put this down to bashfulness, and my reputation will go abroad," he said, as he started off to find the O. D.

Maj. Mort.—"Mr. Alberty, you're getting too onery for anything."

Alberty—"I always did know I was onery, but I can't study and live on the grub we get here. Why, I have the indigestion so bad, I have to go to bed right after supper."

Maj. Mort.—"Mr. Monegan, what are you good for anyway? You can't play football, you're not a lady's man, and God knows you're not good looking, I'd like to know what you're good for?"

Monegan—"Good for nothing, sir."

Markham—(picking up a letter of McCausland's, on which is written, "Dearest G——").—"Bub, you will get shot for this some day."

Bub—"No I won't, sh—sh—she started it f—f—f—first."

VALEDICTORY.

T. F. WHEELER.

The school year of 1906-07 has come to a close, and in an hour or so we will say good-by to our friends and associates. We are always saying good-by to something; the moments, days, or even years, as they pass from us, and often, too often, indeed, to some friend whose daily association and companionship has made him very dear to us. And then we are sad and depressed, for we know that our lives are probably divergent, and we may never see him again.

The Class of 1907 wishes to bid its friends farewell, and I have been chosen for the task, not because of any special ability, but because there were only three to vote, and "a majority always rules." I call it a task, because I find it almost impossible to make mere words convey to you the depth of feeling which we carry in our hearts.

Col. Bruce and Faculty—we bid you farewell. You have been kind and considerate, you have given us timely advice, and sympathy, and you have assisted us in time of trouble. For these many kindnesses, then, we feel that we owe you a debt of thanks that we can never pay.

Fellow Cadets—we turn to you and our hearts grow heavy, for we know that many of us shall never again meet in this life. We have been associated together, in work and play, we have fought our battles, and immediately the anger has passed away and left us the best of friends. So close has been our relation that our hearts have been bound together with strong ties of love and comradeship. We have enjoyed excellent sports with fine teams, in both baseball and football, and we have striven at all times to show the world that we are able to accomplish a great deal against others. We have succeeded, and we are proud of our record in athletics. And now, we first classmen, that shall not return to the old school again, ask of you that do, that you support the teams, and make an even better record next year. We have let the spirit of the battalion decline. We ask that you foster it, and bring it up to the high position it once occupied.

And now again we say "good-by." We regret that we must leave you, for we know that is it improbable that we shall ever enjoy the companionship which we have enjoyed here. So, with sadness in our hearts, we bid you farewell, and as we grip hands in silent parting, there is a prayer in our hearts for your safety and success.

"May God be with you till we meet again."

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
That long and lengthy file that moves
To that well known place called the Commandant's abode,
Where each shall take the potion meted out to him,
Thou go not like one of those
Whose doom is sealed, but, reassured and comforted
By the excuse you have in mind, approach that man,
Like one who knows that it is all a mistake,
And that his report will be removed.

"B" CO.



BASEBALL, '06.

When baseball season opened last year, as is always customary, a winning team was predicted; and now looking back at our record, we are persuaded that the prophet was not far wrong.

We opened the season by playing St. Louis University, and though "cleaned," we "gave them a run for their money," for it took them eleven innings to "get away with the goods."

In our next, Christian Brothers College tied us in a ten inning game, which was called on account of darkness. We should have tallied this as a victory, but for some inexcusable bungles.

It was with a shaky feeling way down in our boots that we walked out on the field to play St. Louis University the second time, but this time we were to have our revenge, and when the game was over, they, and not we, had been "trimmed," and it didn't take us eleven innings to do it either. They told us it was all an accident and that they would wipe up the earth with us in the rubber game, but, would you believe it, we won the third.

Our next two games were easy victories, and perhaps our "rotten" playing at Cape Girardeau may, in some measure, be attributed to the results of too easy sailing.

Our line-up last year was exceptional in several ways. The peculiarities of the several players account for a good deal of our success.

"Hog" Beumer wouldn't let a ball pass him, because he was too lazy to go after it. He was also averse to dropping fouls because of the trouble of picking them up.

"Red" Hardaway often struck men out just to keep the center fielder from making a glutton of himself, for this same fielder would eat up everything that came anywhere near the boundary of his garden.

Kindness of heart and general willingness to accommodate were the main characteristics of Painter Mohlenkamp. Why, he has been known to take the fourth strike just to keep the umpires' accounts straight, and he would invariably endeavor to get to first base to save the fielder the trouble of throwing the ball there to put him out.

Hardaway, M., was of an extravagant nature, or at least you would have supposed he was, from the number of balls he lost. He has been known to knock a ball clear over the center fielder's head and into an ash barrel, just to lose it.

The manager of the team was constantly worried for the safety of "Art" Ahring. He refused the offer of several policemen to watch the fences for fear they would nab "Art" for robbing men of hits and stealing bases.

In "Heiny" Seib we had a man invaluable in many ways. Besides being a good ball player, his striking personality served as a drawing card for the fair sex.

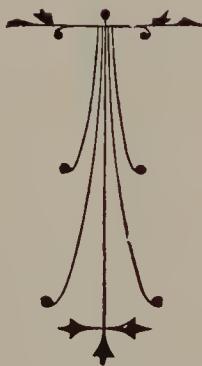
In "Honey" Cannon we had a man who seemed to "stick to" everything that came his way, and as for Tooley—Well!! When a ball started in his direction he shouted his name (Baron Munchauson) at it and scared it into the territory of "Shorty" Graham, who, by the way, has that bulldog tenacity that lets go of nothing that gets within reach; and say! If you could see him handle those "tootsies" of his you'd know why no flies touch earth in center field.

The line-up was as follows:

Buemer, catcher.	Sieb, third base.
Hardaway, J., pitcher.	Tooley, right field.
Mohlenkamp, first base.	Graham, W., center field.
Hardaway, M., second base.	Cannon, left field.
Ahring, short stop.	
Substitutes—Graham, E., McCombs, Clayton, J.	

RECORD:

St. Louis U. (11 innings)	4	St. Charles.....	2
C. B. C. (12 innings, darkness)	10	St. Charles.....	10
St. Louis U.....	6	St. Charles.....	9
Central High.....	0	St. Charles.....	9
McKendree.....	3	St. Charles.....	11
St. Louis U.....	4	St. Charles.....	5
Cape Girardeau.....	13	St. Charles.....	12
Cape Girardeau.....	7	St. Charles.....	15
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Opponents.....	47	St. Charles.....	73





BASEBALL TEAM, 1907

BASEBALL, '07.

Graham, W., Captain.
Beumer, catcher.
Schiermeier, pitcher.
Mohlenkamp, first base.
Clayton, C., second base.
Gilmore, left field.

Maj. J. H. Whitmore, Manager.
Alberty, short stop.
Wilson, third base.
Clayton, J., right field.
Graham, W., center field.

Substitutes.

McCombs.

Logan.

Meador.

Though the season's outlook was not what might be called good, yet the Coach did not seem worried, and Graham having been elected Captain, we began active practice as soon as the weather permitted.

YEATMAN HIGH SCHOOL GAME.

Our first game was played with the Yeatman High School team of St. Louis on our own grounds. Score by innings:

First inning. Schnellbacker was the first to bat for Yeatman and "walked," but Perri was out, second to first. Pfiesier popped up to first, and Moran was out, second to first, retiring the side. No runs.

Gilmore was first up for St. Charles and was out, second to first. Graham was easy, pitcher to first, and Beumer was out on an easy grounder to the first bag. No runs.

Second inning. Bushart and Mill fanned. Fuchs "walked," but was thrown out stealing. No runs.

Alberty led off with a three-base hit, but Logan fanned. Wilson sacrificed, scoring Alberty. Clayton, C., fanned, and Clayton, J., was out, third to first. One run.

Third inning. Reinart and Leo fanned. Schnellbacker was safe at first on second baseman's error, but Perri flied to left. No runs.

Schiermeier flied to second, and Gilmore was out at first. Graham hit for two sacks and scored on errors. Beumer was out second to first.

Fourth inning. Yeatman failed to score.

Alberty flied to right and Logan was out, second to first. Wilson hit and stole second and third, scoring on error. Clayton, C., "walked," and scored on third baseman's error of Clayton, J.'s grounder. Schiermeier fouled out to catcher. Two runs.

Fifth inning. Yeatman failed to score.

Gilmore out, pitcher to first. Graham hit and Beumer followed with another, scoring Graham. Alberty was out, pitcher to first, and Logan fouled to catcher. One run.

Sixth inning. Neither side scored.

Seventh inning. Yeatman failed to score.

Schiermeier was safe on first baseman's error. Gilmore sacrificed, and Schiermeier stole third, scoring on Graham's two-base hit. Beumer was out, pitcher to first, and Alberty fanned. One run.

Eighth inning. Neither team scored.

Ninth inning. Yeatman failed to score.

SHURTLEFF GAME.

We played our second game with Shurtleff College of Alton, Ill. The game was played on our home grounds. It was a close and exciting game to the finish, but in the end we won out. Score by innings:

Shurtleff failed to score in the first.

St. C. M. C. Gilmore hits. Graham safe on third baseman's error. Beumer sacrificed, scoring Gilmore. Alberty out, pitcher to first. Wilson hit, scoring Graham. Logan out, second to first. Two runs.

Second inning. Neither side scores.

Third inning. Shurtleff. Bergman hits, steals second. Black hits, scoring Bergman, but is thrown out stealing second. Beeby fouls out. One run.

St. Charles. Gilmore hits. Graham walks, steals second. Beumer hits, scoring Gilmore and Graham, but is thrown out stealing second. Alberty and Wilson fanned. Two runs.

Fourth inning. Shurtleff. Parks hits, Floyd advances him with single. Hart walks. Tomas hits, scoring Parks and Floyd. Laden and Stalling fan. Bergman out, short to first. Two runs.

St. Charles. Logan out, third to first. Clayton, J., hits. Schiermeier safe on first baseman's error. Clayton, C., fans. Gilmore hits, scoring Clayton, J., and Schiermeier. Graham flies to first. Two runs.

Neither team scores again until the ninth inning.

Ninth inning. Shurtleff. Floyd out, pitcher to first. Hart singles. Tomas singles, steals second. Laden flies to left. Stalling hits, scoring Hart and Tomas. Bergman flies to left. Two runs.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
Shurtleff	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	2	10	5	2
St. Charles.....	2	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	-	8	6	3

Base on balls, off Schiermeier, 0; off Bergman, 3. Struck out, by Schiermeier, 4; by Bergman, 6.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY GAME.

On April 20th we were defeated by St. Louis University on our home grounds by a score of 9 to 2. Score by innings:

St. Louis fails to score in the first.

St. Charles. Gilmore out, second to first. Graham hits for home run. Beumer flies to catcher. Alberty out, short to first. One run.

St. Louis fails to score in the second.

St. Charles. Wilson walks, steals second. Logan fans. McCombs out, catcher to first. Sehiermeier hits, scoring Wilson, steals second. Clayton, C., fans. One run.

Third inning. St. Louis. Kinny fans. Young safe on short's error. Howe out, second to first. Nivert hits. Schneider singles, scoring Young. Beekmeier fans. One run.

St. Charles fails to score.

Fourth inning. St. Louis. Lonergan safe on error. O'Connell walks. Lambert out on first. Kinny flies to center. Young hits, scoring Lonergan. Howe flies to left. One run.

St. Charles fails to score.

Fifth inning. St. Louis. Nivert flies to right. Schneider hits. Beekmeier hits, steals second. Lonergan flies to center, scoring Schneider. O'Connell flies to short. One run.

St. Charles fails to score.

Sixth inning. St. Louis. Lambert hits. Kinny safe on second baseman's error. Young safe on error. Lambert and Kinny both scoring. Howe flies to right. Nivert walks. Schneider hits, scoring Young. Beekmeier hits, scoring Nivert. Lonergan safe on error, while Schneider scores. O'Connell hits, but is thrown out stealing second. Six runs.

Neither team scores after this.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
St. Louis University	0	0	1	1	1	6	0	0	0	11	9	2
St. Charles.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	2	3

Home runs, Graham 1. Two-base hits, Lambert 1. Stolen bases, St. Louis 2; St. Charles 3. Base on balls, off Young, 4; off Sehiermeier 7. Struck out, by Young, 7; by Sehiermeier 5. Umpires, Aymond and Kinney.

ST. CHARLES AND C. B. C.

The first game with C. B. C. was played on our home grounds. We defeated them by a score of 3 to 2. Score by innings:

Neither side scored until the third inning.

Third inning. C. B. C. Hall flies to right. Ratigan hits. Larson safe on center fielder's error, Ratigan scoring. January fouls to catcher. Larson scoring. Menges out, left to second. Two runs.

St. Charles. Gilmore flies to center. Albery hits for two bases. Beumer grounds to first and is out. Graham hits, scoring Albery, steals second and third. Wilson walks, steals second. Schiermeier safe on second baseman's error. Graham scoring. Clayton, J., out, third to first. Two runs.

Neither side scored after this until the ninth inning.

Ninth inning. C. B. C. out in order.

St. Charles. Gilmore out, pitcher to first. Albery hits, steals second. Beumer hits, scoring Albery and winning game. One run.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
C. B. C.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	2	1
St. Charles.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	3	3

Two-base hits, Albery 1. Stolen bases, St. Charles, 9; C. B. C., 0. Base on balls, off Schiermeier 1; off Hall, 5. Struck out, by Schiermeier, 6; by Hall, 5. Umpires, Werremeyer and Dalton.

CENTRAL HIGH GAME.

On May 1st we played Central High School of St. Louis. The game was played on our grounds. Owing to darkness we were only able to play seven innings. Score by innings.

First inning. Central High. Baker singled, stole second; Schwab, Purell and Baggatt fanned. No runs.

St. Charles Military College out in order.

Second inning. Central out in order.

St. Charles. Graham fanned; Gilmore out, pitcher to first; Schiermeier singled, stole second; Clayton, J., hit, scoring Schiermeier; Clayton, C., out, catcher to first. One run.

Third inning. Central High, out in order.

St. Charles, out in order.

Fourth inning. Central fails to score.

St. Charles. Beumer flies to left; Graham walked; Gilmore flied to second; Schiermeier singled, scoring Graham; Schiermeier thrown out at third.

Fifth inning. Neither side scored.

Sixth inning. Central. Purell safe on first baseman's error, stole second; Baggatt safe on error; Idler fanned; Reber walked; Purell scored; Benrig fanned; Kelly walked, forcing Baggatt; Rowan out, catcher to first. Two runs.

St. Charles. Albert flied to left; Beumer safe on second baseman's error; Graham hits; Gilmore singled, scoring Beumer and Graham; Schiermeier singled; Gilmore scoring; Clayton, J., out, short to first; Schiermeier scored on error; Clayton out, pitcher to first.

Seventh inning. Central failed to score.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
Central High.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	-	-	5	2	6
St. Charles Military College.....	0	1	0	1	0	2	-	-	-	7	6	1

Base on balls, off Schiermeier, 4; off Rowan, 2. Struck out, by Schiermeier, 7; by Rowan, 3. Umpires Marshall and Werremeier.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY GAME.

St. Louis University beat us the second game of the series by a score of 13 to 3. The game was played on our home grounds. Score by innings.

First inning. St. Louis. Lonegan out, third to first; Howe hit for two bases; Schneider fanned; Nivert hit, scoring Howe; Beekmeier safe on first baseman's error; O'Connell fanned. One run.

St. Charles. Wilson fanned; Alberty hit, stole second; Beumer hit, scoring Alberty; Graham out, pitcher to first; Gilmore hit, scoring Beumer, steals second; Schiermeier safe on error; Clayton, J., fanned. Two runs.

Second inning. St. Louis. Young hit, thrown out on second; Kenney gets base on being hit by pitched ball; Lambert out, second to first; Lonegan hit, scoring Kenney; Howe hits; Schneider safe on short stop's error, Lonegan and Howe scoring; Nivert out, second to first. Three runs.

St. Charles failed to score.

Third inning. St. Louis. Beckmeier hit for two bases; O'Connell singled, scoring Beekmeier; Young hit by pitched ball, thrown out on first; Kenney hit, scoring O'Connell; Lambert gets base on being hit; Lonegan safe on third baseman's error; Howe hit, scoring Kenney and Lambert; Schneider fanned; Nivert flied to first.

St. Charles failed to score.

Fourth inning. Neither team scored.

Fifth inning. St. Louis. Kenney safe on error; Lambert fanned; Lonegan hit; Howe hit, scoring Kenney, Lonegan scoring on error; Schneider singled, scoring Howe; Nivert fanned; Beekmeier flied to left. Three runs.

St. Charles. Wilson out, pitcher to first; Alberty hit, stole second; Beumer safe on error, Alberty scoring; Graham out, short to first; Gilmore out, third to first. One run.

Sixth inning. Neither team scored.

Seventh inning. St. Louis. Schneider fanned; Nivert out, pitcher to first; Beckmeier singled; O'Connell gets base on being hit; Young safe on error, Beekmeier scoring; Kenney out, pitcher to first. One run.

St. Charles failed to score.

Eighth inning. Neither side scored.

Ninth inning. St. Louis. Beekmeier out, pitcher to first; O'Connell safe on error, stole second; Young out, pitcher to first; Kenney hit, scoring O'Connell; Lambert safe on error; Lonegan walked; Howe flied to center. One run.

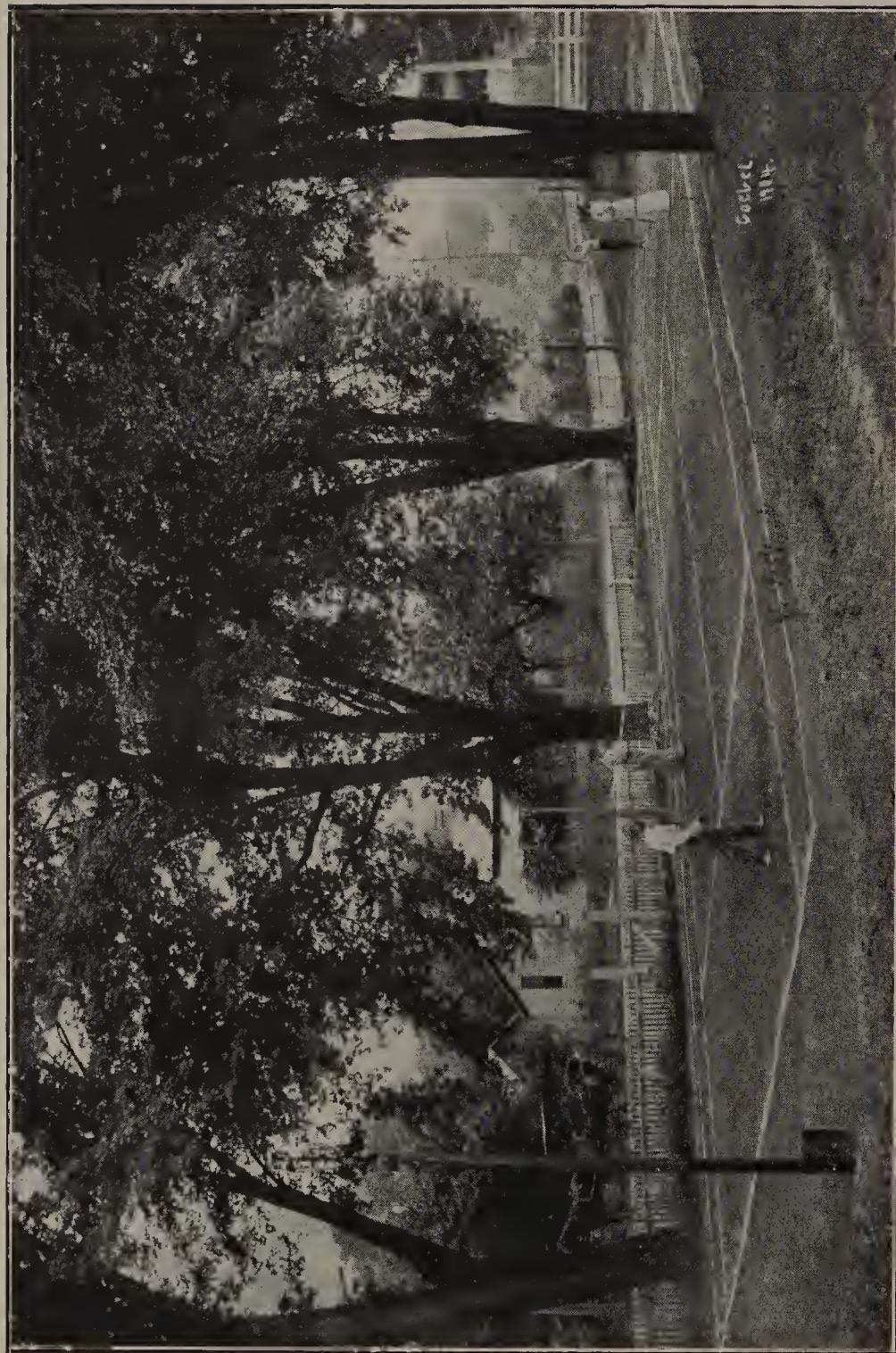
St. Charles failed to score.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
St. Louis.....	1	3	4	0	3	0	1	0	1	12	13	2
St. Charles.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	7	3	9

Base on balls, off Schiermeier, 5; off Young, 2. Struck out, by Schiermeier, 7; by Young, 8. Umpires Werremeier and Coehem.

SOUTH TENNIS COURT.



ARKANSAS UNIVERSITY.

On May 7 we played Arkansas University, and lost 3 to 0. Keith, the star pitcher, was in the box for Arkansas.

Score by innings.

First inning. Neither side scored.

Second inning. Arkansas. Hyatt singled; Miller safe on error; Thompson out, pitcher to first; Bullock fanned; Hyatt scored on error; Wilson flied to left.

St. Charles failed to score.

Third inning. Arkansas. Horn safe on first baseman's error; McNemer out, pitcher to first; Sample singled; Keith hit, scoring Horn; Hyatt flied to left; Sample scoring; Miller flied to left. Two runs.

Neither team scored after this.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
Arkansas.....	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	3	1
St. Charles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	4

Base on balls, off Keith, 2; off Schiermeier, 0; Struck out, by Keith, 15; by Schiermeier, 4. Umpire, Lawler, J.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS COLLEGE GAME.

On May 11 we defeated Christian Brothers College, of St. Louis, Mo., by a score of 6 to 3. The game was played in St. Louis, on C. B. C. campus. Score by innings.

First inning. St. Charles. Wilson safe on error; Alberty out, pitcher to first; Beumer hit, scoring Wilson; Graham gets base on being hit; Gilmore fanned; Schiermeier hit, scoring Beumer, and Graham is thrown out on second. Three runs.

C. B. C. failed to score.

Second inning. Neither side scored.

Third inning. St. Charles. Alberty fanned; Beumer flied to short; Graham hit, stole second; Gilmore hit, scoring Graham; Schiermeier hit, scoring Gilmore; Mohlenkamp fanned. Two runs.

C. B. C. failed to score.

Fourth inning. St. Charles failed to score.

C. B. C. Ratican walked, stole second; Larson out, second to first; January hit, scoring Ratican; Menges hit, scoring January; January, C., flied to left. Two runs.

Fifth inning. Neither side scored.

Sixth inning. Neither side scored.

Seventh inning. St. Charles failed to score.

C. B. C. January, C., safe on error; Branigan out, pitcher to first; Coad out, pitcher to first; January, C., scoring on error; Bradley thrown out on first.

Eighth inning. St. Charles. Alberty hit, stole second; Beumer out, pitcher to first; Graham out, short to first; Gilmore safe on error; Alberty scoring on same; Schiermeier safe on error; Mohlenkamp out, pitcher to first. One run.

Neither side scored after this.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
C. B. C.	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	5	3	6
St. Charles	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	10	6	3

Base on balls, off Schiermeier, 1; off Hall, 0. Struck out, by Schiermeier, 6; by Hall, 6. Umpires Dalton and Bradley.

CAPE GIRARDEAU.

On May 13th, we were defeated by Cape Girardeau Normal, by a score of 3 to 2, in a fourteen inning battle which was hard fought. Score by innings.

First inning. Neither team scored.

Second inning. Cape Girardeau failed to score.

St. Charles. Schiermeier safe on error. Gilmore sacrificed, scoring Schiermeier. Mohlenkamp fanned. One run.

Third inning. White hit. Greer walked. Engleman fouled out. Collins flied to short. Meyer hit for two bases, scoring Greer and White, but thrown out at second. Two runs.

St. Charles failed to score.

Fourth inning. Cape Girardeau out in order.

St. Charles. Schiermeier singled, stole second. Gilmore safe on error, but is thrown out on second. Schiermeier scored on error. Mohlenkamp fanned. One run.

Neither side score again until the fourteenth inning.

Fourteenth inning. Cape Girardeau. Grian out, pitcher to first. Akins safe, on error, goes to third on same. White fanned. Greer hit, scoring Akins. Engleman fanned. One run.

St. Charles failed to score.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	H	R	E
Cape Girardeau.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	3	7
St. Charles.....	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	2	6

Struck out, by White 6; by Schiermeier 10. Base on balls, off White 1; off Schiermeier 1. Umpire, Werremeyer and Cochems.

SHURTEFF.

On May 16th we went to Alton and played the Shurtleff College.
Score by innings.

Neither side seored until the fifth inning.

Fifth inning. St. Charles. Wilson hit. Clayton, J., hit. Clayton, C., fanned. Graham safe on third baseman's error, Wilson seoring. Alberty flied to eenter. Schiermeier safe on piteher's error, Clayton, J., and Graham both scoring. Beumer fouled out. Three runs.

Shurtleff failed to seore.

Sixth inning. St. Charles. Gilmore out, piteher to first. Mohlenkamp safe on error, stole second and third. Wilson safe on error, Mohlenkamp seoring. Clayton, J., out, piteher to first. One run.

Shurtleff. Parks fanned. Tomas hit, stole second. Maleolm out, piteher to first. Blaek hit, seoring Tomas. Bergman out on first. One run.

Neither team scored again until the ninth.

Ninth inning. St. Charles fails to seore.

Shurtleff. Bergman walked. Beeby safe on error. Floyd fanned. Stalling hit, seoring Bergman and Beeby. Hart out, second to first. Parks flied to short. Two runs.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
Shurtleff.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	6	3	7
St. Charles.....	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	7	4	1

Stolen bases, Shurtleff 1; St. Charles 5. Double plays, Graham and Alberty; Beebe and Floyd. Bases on balls, off Bergman 1; off Schiermeier 1. Struck out, by Bergman, 6; by Sehiermeier, 7. Wild pitehes, Sehiermeier, 1. Hit by pitehed ball, Bergman 1.

CENTRAL WESLEYAN GAME.

Our last game was played at Warrenton, Mo., with Central Wesleyan College.

Score by innings.

Neither side scored in the first.

Second inning. St. Charles. Gilmore hit. Mohlenkamp hit by pitched ball. Wilson out, third to first. Clayton, J., walked. Clayton, C., safe on error, Gilmore and Mohlenkamp scoring. Graham fanned. Albery flied to short. Two runs.

Central failed to score.

Neither team scored in the third.

Fourth inning. St. Charles. Wilson hit but is thrown out stealing third. Clayton, J., hit. Clayton, C., walked. Graham hit, scoring Clayton, J. and C. Albery hit, scoring Graham. Schiermeier flied to left. Beumer flied to right. Three runs.

Central failed to score.

Fifth inning. St. Charles. Gilmore flied to pitcher. Mohlenkamp singled. Wilson hit. Clayton, J., out, pitcher to first. Clayton, C., hit, scoring Mohlenkamp. Graham fanned. One run.

Central failed to score.

Sixth inning. St. Charles. Albery hit. Schiermeier out, catcher to first. Beumer safe on error. Gilmore out, second to first. Mohlenkamp hit, scoring Albery and Beumer, but is thrown out stealing second. Two runs.

Central failed to score.

Neither team scored again until the ninth.

Ninth inning. Beumer safe on error. Gilmore singled. Mohlenkamp flied to short. Wilson hit for two bases, scoring Beumer and Gilmore. Clayton, J., out, short to first. Clayton, C., out, short to first. Two runs.

Central failed to score.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R	E
Central.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	5
St. Charles.....	0	2	0	3	1	2	0	0	2	13	10	2

Two base hits, Wilson 1. Base on balls, off Kelly 3; off Schiermeier 0. Struck out, by Kelly 5; by Schiermeier 7. Umpires, Hill and Werremeyer.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE S. C. M. BASEBALL TEAM
OF 1907.

Schiermeier.....	317
Alberty.....	270
Graham, W.....	250
Wilson.....	238
Gilmore.....	232
Mohlenkamp.....	222
Clayton, J.....	205
Beumer.....	185
Clayton, C.....	088



CADET BAND. "READY."

BASHFULNESS?

In answer to your late request,
Or better, plain demand;
I write this simple statement,
Like a blunt, plain spoken man.

It happened in a little town
Whose faith is so sublime,
They fear they'll desecrate the ground,
Should they build a street car line.

Perhaps this spirit was imbibed
By some of whom I speak,
For one, so grand and dignified,
Gave the other a "yellow streak."

Perhaps you'd laugh, if you could see,
(In fact, I know you would),
From behind a friendly, nearby tree,
St. Charles meet Lindenwood.

St. Charles, he acts so bashfully—
Indeed, it is too good,
Contrasting this with the dignity
Of sweet Miss Lindenwood.

But his bashfulness still seems to stay,
And his face grows perhaps more glum;
While he turns and twists in an awkward way
As if half inclined to run.

Still she won't despair, but talks right on
For perhaps three hours or more,
Till evening finds her at set of sun
Just where she was before.

Grown tired at last, she said good-by,
But by politeness bound,
She asked him if he would not try
To soon again come down.

He stammered that he surely would,
But as often is the ease,
Forgot the qualifying "If he could,"
And departed muez in haste.

He reaehed the spot where "Column left,"
Makes your nose the beaeon light,
Whieh leads straight down to the college grounds,
If you've the sense to follow it right.

And as he reaehed this turning point,
He strecthed and limbered out a joint,
Though signified by no such breaks
As the wind sometimes with a coat tail makes.

For, as you know, these coats were made
Baek somewhere in the last deade,
And as docking tails was then the style,
Their tails were also docked the while.

So thus at last he did arrive
Within the college gate,
And heard though just enough alive,
The "O. D.'s three hours late."

Two hours and fifty minutes, then,
The girl had held him there,
For certainly he had returned in ten,
With probably five to spare.

That the report came out, 'tis no use to state,
It's reading was, if I give the gist,
Some two or three formations missed,
And on permit three hours late.

Confined to campus for one week,
And a long five hours E. D.,
Yet still he said, with a shake of the head,
For the offense 'tis quite E. Z.

Could anyone stand with an easy grace,
Before a girl and talk pleasantly,
With all this staring them in the face?
Well, not if they'd walked E. D.

So sad it is we make mistakes,
But it only goes to show
That they may oft be rectified,
By another who happens to know.

And Miss Lindenwood so sweet and bright,
Must take seats with all the rest,
For alas! she isn't exactly right,
In her theory of bashfulness.

No doubt the bashfulness was there,
But little doubt there is 'twas done,
Less by Miss Lindenwood, so fair,
Than the terror of a nine-pound gun.

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1906.



FOOTBALL.

A backward look upon events often reveals many things which we failed to notice while they were being experienced. In this way, as we review the football season of 1906, we may come to regard it in an entirely different light from that in which it presented itself to us, while in the midst of its hopes and doubts, encouragements and disappointments.

A comparison between the teams of '05 and '06 would show the former to have been much the stronger. This fact is accounted for by the loss of our last year's entire back field, Hardaway, J., Briscoe, and Hardaway, M., and also Beumer, four men whose positions could only be filled by selections from the leading teams in the State. Yet the team was not only handicapped by the loss of many of last year's players, but also by the failure of men, who might have helped much in the development of the team, to turn out for the season.

The early part of the season was characterized by a lack of good team work, due to the necessity of placing men of comparatively no experience in the back field. This condition, however, was much improved in the latter part by the shifting of Givens from R. E. to L. H., and C. Clayton from R. H. to the end, while Graham was brought back to R. H., and his position at quarter filled by Gladding. While changes were thus made in the positions of the players for the offense, the defense remained practically the same throughout the season.

In order that a better understanding of the relative strength of the team may be had, the following discussion of the players in their different positions is given.

Left End.—C. Jacobs, 145 lbs. A very fast man and a hard and sure tackler; played an excellent defensive game throughout the season. In the use of the forward pass he was the man most relied upon. Was always alert and ready, and, as is characteristic of "Jacob's tribe," played for the "highest interest" of the team.

Left Tackle—E. Miller, 195 lbs. A veteran of last year's team and a weighty argument for any of his ambitious opponents. His weight and experience well balanced the lighter and less experienced men who flanked him. He did good defensive work, and on the offense, seemed to feel it his duty to make openings proportional to his size. "Nuff sed."

Left Guard—J. Gatewood, 164 lbs. Though a new man, and of little experience, he played his position well and proved himself a good match for the much heavier men opposed to him.

Center—F. Markham, 193 lbs. Again in his old position at center and playing the game in his usual way, would tell the story to those who have once seen him play. His steady playing at center made it possible for our light quarter back to work effectively and without interference. His defensive playing was remarkable from the manner in which he broke through the line and stopped end and off tackle plays.

Right Guard—T. Wheeler, 165 lbs. Although about equal in size and weight to the left guard, he had the advantage of him in experience, having played on last year's eleven. He tackles well and in all our games showed himself the master of the situation.

Right Tackle—Murphy, 190 lbs. In football he was certainly a poor representative of the "green" kind, as shown by the white feather display given by his opponents who were disposed to be a little "yellow." He was new to the team, but not to the game.

Right End—C. Clayton, 135 lbs. Possibly a little tender for a wing, but was not disposed to fly except in the right direction. Experience is lacking and as there is still plenty of time, he may yet feather. However, he did excellent work all season.

Quarter Back—G. Gladding, 133 lbs. Rather light, but not in the region of the head. Managed the team well, kept cool, and seldom, if ever, fumbled. Except in critical stages, where a touchdown or a large gain hung upon a single play, he was in no need of advice. In the games in which he figured he showed that he had been through the mill, for from such raw material as "Cotton" the coach was able to turn out a youngster who "delivered the goods."

Left Half—T. Givens, 150 lbs. An excellent tackler and carried the ball well. In his position at end on the defense he was a hard man to pass.

Right Half—W. Graham, 155 lbs. To this machine of eleven parts he was the safety valve. A man who knew the game and played it. A football player.

Full Back—E. Graham, 175 lbs. To show his best work, he would have to be placed in his old position at end, where he played last year. However, he generally carried the ball for consistent gains, and his ability to break interferences and tackle greatly strengthened our defense.

As substitutes, J. Clayton (130 lbs.) and C. Ford (165 lbs.), deserve honorable mention, both of them having played in a majority of the games and accredited themselves well.



ST. LOUIS U. vs. ST. CHARLES.

St. Louis won the toss and choose the north goal, with a high wind at their backs. Markham kicked off and Schneider of St. Louis advanced the ball 20 yards before being tackled by Givens. On a fumble we took the ball. W. Graham made a quarter-back run for ten yards. We failed to gain our distance and the ball changed hands. Lamb went through tackle for ten yards, but fumbled on being tackled. The ball was immediately recovered by Schneider, who ran 60 yards for a touchdown. We maintained a gritty defense throughout the remainder of the half, but the heavy 'Varsity men were too much for us and added four touchdowns and one dropped goal to the score, which with four goal kicks made a total of 33—0.

We put up a remarkably strong defense in the second half and the game ended with the score unchanged. Givens and Jacobs at ends played a pretty tackling game, while the defensive work of Miller, Markham and Wheeler, and Murphy on the line was excellent. Acker, Lamb, Schneider and Robinson played the game for St. Louis.

SHURTLEFF vs. ST. CHARLES.

Shurtleff College of Alton, Ill., stood next in the line of march, and against her we lined up for our second battle of the season. The team, after a very fatiguing trip was in poor condition to play, but nevertheless confident of gaining the victory. However, the game proved to be anything but one-sided. The teams pushed each other back and forth for a large part of the first half, when the Shurtleff team crossed our goal line by making a lucky fumble, which was recovered by one of their own men. They failed to kick goal and the score stood 5—0.

From this on the ball continued to change hands, without either side gaining the advantage. Each time Shurtleff would advance the ball into our territory, they would lose either on a fumble or by failing to gain their distance, and each time we would get into their territory we would get penalized and lose all we had gained.

The game was played on Shurtleff's grounds and Shurtleff men were the officials. The officials used their power to penalize, to the fullest extent—Shurtleff was penalized but once. Disputes were constantly arising, but not once did St. Charles get the benefit of the doubt. Shurtleff 5, St. Charles 0.

BARNES U. vs. ST. CHARLES.

This was to be our first game on the home grounds, and though we were to play against that Beefy Barnes Bunch, we were determined to win.

At the opening of the game both sides were confident and the playing was close and exciting. Both sides were forced to punt frequently and there seemed to be little hope for a score. But about the middle of the half by regular gains, we carried the ball into Barnes' territory, when Graham, W., made a 30-yard run and then carried the ball over for a touchdown. He also kicked a goal from a difficult angle making the score six to nothing. The first half ended when Graham returned Barnes' punt from behind our goal to the one yard line.

Things warmed up again in the second half, when, after a little preliminary see-sawing, Graham again pulled off another good run, carrying the ball to Barnes' 15-yard line. Here it was that we scored our second touchdown by a cleverly executed forward pass to Jacobs, who crossed the goal line.

Graham failed on the goal and the final score stood S. C. M. C. 11, Barnes, 0.

BATTERY "A" vs. ST. CHARLES.

In this game, as in most of the others, we were greatly outweighed, and only won through cleverness. First Half.—Battery "A" kicked out of bounds twice, and the ball was ours. We advanced it into their territory, but lost it and our opponents punted. Again we carried the ball to their 20-yard line, when Graham, W., by a trick play took it for the remaining distance and a touchdown. Again before the half ended, Graham, E., had carried the ball over for the second touchdown. Score, 12—0.

Second Half.—Battery "A" braced up and gains were hard to make. The teams played back and forth for some time. At last while on Battery "A's" 40-yard line, Graham, W., again proved himself the man of the hour, and sent a drop kick between the posts for the final score.

S. C. M. C., 16. Battery "A," 0.

MOOTHART vs. ST. CHARLES.

Our trip to Farmington. Our last game of the season was played with the Moothart Business College, at Farmington, Mo. We rose at 4:30 a. m. on the morning of November 16th, and after all had assembled, we hurried off to the station, arriving just in time to see the train leave. As a result we had to walk a distance of about two miles to the ear line, where we again got left and were obliged to wait for a half hour for the next ear.

When the ear arrived we boarded it for St. Louis, arriving there barely in time to catch our train. We rode some twenty-eight miles to a little town named Riverside, where we procured a couple of ham sandwiches apiece, which served for breakfast. The next train carried us as far as Flat River, where after a half-mile walk through town, we took an electric car for our final ride to Farmington.

The time before the game was to start being very short, we had to content ourselves with a rather light meal, before boarding the ear for a three-mile ride to the park. Not much time was wasted in getting into suits and out on the field. Then tired, sleepy, and half discouraged, we found ourselves waiting for the game to start.

The game. There was a heavy wind blowing and the Moothart captain, winning the toss, chose his goal with the wind to his back. We kicked to them, but the wind carried the ball back quite a distance. Recovering it they began to pound our line. Tired as we were it was quite an easy matter for a team, fresh, and with a heavy wind at its back, to crush us. We fought fiercely, but they steadily forced us back, and at the end of the first half the game stood 5 to 0 in their favor.

Shortly before the touchdown, one of our star players, Miller, our husky left tackle, was injured so that he was forced to leave the field. Wheeler was taken from right guard to fill the position and was replaced by Ford. This necessarily weakened our team, and somewhat dampened our spirits.

At the beginning of the second half we had determined to brace up and show them what St. Charles spirit was like, so with the wind at our backs, we began to play, and play as we had never played before. Affairs soon took a decidedly different turn. Time after time we crashed through their line and time after time we nipped their star plays in the bud.

The second half had not continued long before we had crossed their goal for a touchdown. Graham, W., sent the ball over the center of the bar, making the game ours, if our opponents failed to score again. Still before the half ended we had again approached within striking distance, and Graham, W., sent the ball between the posts on a drop kick from the 25-yard line.

S. C. M. C., 10. Moothart, 5.

While the season of 1906 was much enjoyed, it would doubtless have been a greater success, had not several teams, who had dates on our schedule either abolished football or disbanded their teams. Our business manager found it impossible to satisfactorily fill these dates, and the excellent schedule which he had arranged was in consequence much impaired. And last, but not least, rooters, remember that the high place in the field of athletic sports to which the banner of old St. Charles has risen, must be maintained not by your efforts on the side lines, but by the honest, loyal and enthusiastic endeavor of every man to uphold her honor and reputation as a member of her teams on the field.

A is for Athletics
And we're in the swim,
If you don't believe me
Why ask Sunny Jim.

B is for Beumer
Or "Hog," to be plain,
He certainly is there
In both muscle and brain.

C is for Clayton,
Better known as Clayton, "C."
He played the end
And played it to a "T."

D is for Dinner,
And such as we get
Never has twenty courses,
Well—no—not yet.

E is for E. D.
And many there are
Who get it in bunches,
Their pleasure to mar.

F is for Football,
The player's delight;
To gouge out an eye
When they get in a fight.

G is for Graham,
Or "Shorty," if you prefer;
I know you've heard of him,
He certainly is a terror.

H is for holiday
Which we all like so well,
For this we petition
Teachers as well.



RECEPTION PARLORS, NORTH BARRACKS.

ANDERS
STUDIO

I is for Indian
Both tall and strong,
He keeps on playing
Till the tap of the gong.

J is for Johnny,
Or Jacobs for all that,
He played left end
From the drop of the hat.

K is for Knappy——,
I won't spell it out,
It has thirteen letters,
“*Und mine Gracious,*” its *Kraut*.

L is for Lates,
Which we all run a few,
And when answered to the “Com.”
Mean an hour or two.



TENNIS CLUB.

M is for Miller,
Or Murphy, maybe,
The way they played tackles
Made the girls say "GEE!"

N is for Naron,
Who usually is lazy,
But say "Jigger, the Major,"
And watch him get busy.

O is for the Officer
Of the day, if you please,
He'll stick you mighty quick
If in ranks you do sneeze.

P is for Polish
Your shoes right well,
For if you don't do it
You'll be sure to catch H-----.

Q is for Quarter-back
Who sets 'em all crazy,
When he makes a long run
They say he's a daisy.

R is for the Rooter
Who helps win the game;
But if we are losing
He yells just the same.

S is for Skirmisher,
The same which you're reading,
We hope you'll like it,
Tho' its merits we're not pleading.

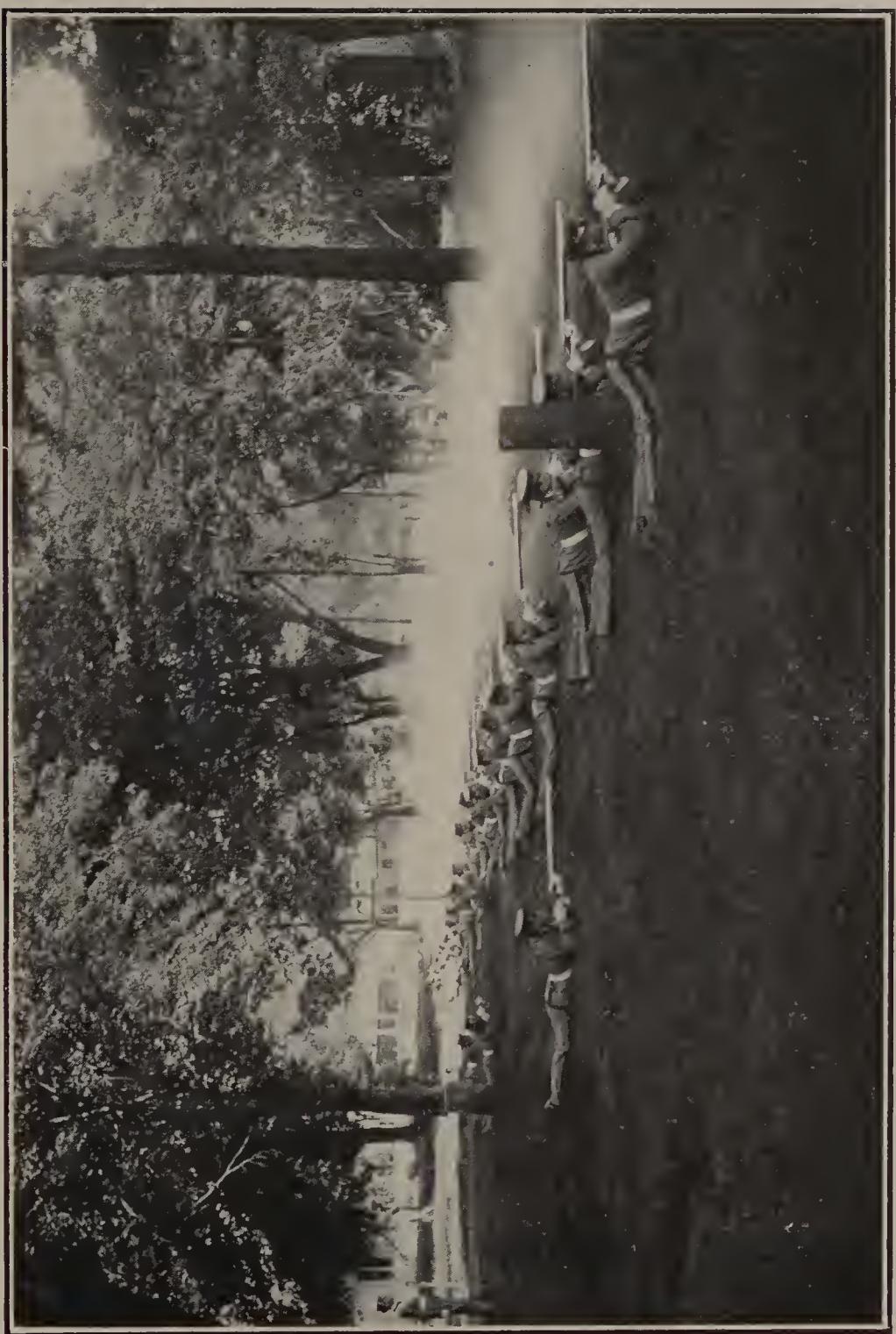
T is for our Teams,
Of most every kind,
That were always endeavoring
Some others to outshine.

U is for Uncle,
The man with the "dough,"
He's the fellow we write to
When we're broke, you know.

V is for Victories,
And we point you with pride
To the list that belongs to us,
As against the other side.

W is for Wheeler,
Or "Dreamy" if you like,
Tho' you'd never have tho't it
Had you seen him "HIKE."

X-Y-Z stands for Monegan,
A quantity unknown;
A man of resources
That never were shown.



"FIRE." (THE CAMPUS.)

SLAMS AND BANGS

About Three-Quarter Bangs

Private—A sober individual who says nothing and does much—in ranks.

Corporal—A self-satisfied being who imagines that the Commandant doesn't know his business properly.

Insatiable desire—Miller's appetite.

A preposterous reality—The size of Markham's foot.

Physical change—A cadet's face when he meets his best girl.

A tough proposition—S. C. M. C. meat.

A swell affair—"Nasty" McCombs with the mumps.

Maj. K.—"Mr. G., what is Malachite?"

Mr. G.—"It is a compound of copper."

Mr. Mc.—(Waking up). "Why, Cap'n, that's a bible name."

Maj. W.—"Mr. G., how much time did you spend on this German?"

Mr. G.—(Rising and sitting down on his book). "Two hours, sir."

Maj. K.—"Mr. G., what is the meaning of bi-laterally symmetrical?"

Mr. G.—"Why, Cap'n, that's his legs, isn't it?"

Maj. W.—"Blackman, you are under arrest!"

Gatewood—(To Clayton). "What did Blackman do?"

Clayton—"I don't know. What did we do in English?"

Gatewood—"We didn't do anything, that's just the trouble."

The sensation of the year was the trial of Mitchell for stealing milk and brutally assaulting Earl Miller. The evidence showed that Mitchell, immediately after the foul deed, crawled under the kitchen stove, which is at least three inches off the floor. Needless to say, Mitchell was convicted and was sentenced to eat S. C. M. C. grub for one week after school was out. Upon hearing the sentence, the prisoner broke down and cried piteously, begging, on his knees, for the sentence to be commuted to hanging, electrocution, or burning at the stake, but the judge was obdurate, holding that such a grave offense should call for the highest penalty.

Later, however, a petition was signed by all the cadets, Miller included, and Mitchell was pardoned.

The following dialogue was overheard between an instructor and one of his pupils:

Instructor—"You, young men, could get these lessons if you would only try, but you don't try—you are too downright lazy. I don't believe you would brush a mosquito off your face. Would you, Mr. Monegan?"

Monegan—"No, sir; not if I was in ranks."

The laugh was on the instructor. He did not say anything, at the time, but he did not forget it, as is shown by the following:

Instructor—Mr. Monegan, can you tell me the meaning of that word on the board?"

Monegan—"No, sir."

Instructor—"You don't know? Well, have you any curiosity to know the meaning of that word, Mr. Monegan?"

Monegan—"What does it mean?"

Instructor—"I asked you if you had any curiosity to know the meaning of that word. Have you?"

Monegan—"Yes, sir."

Instructor—"Well, then, why didn't you study your lesson and satisfy that curiosity before you came to class?" Mr. Section Marcher, report Mr. Monegan unprepared. There was a laugh this time, but it was not on the teacher.

Sunday School Teacher—"Where are your quarterlies?"

Moorehead—"I threw mine away this morning, I was afraid I'd get 'stuck' for religious matter on table at inspection."

Dutch—"Say, Cotton would make a fine operatic singer."

Monkey—"Yes, he would undoubtedly be a 'howling success.' "

Every time any one speaks of pretty hair, Sykes W. feels of his curly (?) locks and blushes consciously.

Flower—(To Gatewood, who was standing about three feet away). "Get off my foot."

Gatewood laughed, and Flower, looking down, discovered that his feet had merely gotten crossed.

Gladding—(To Hagee, as they enter the bathroom). "How many are there in the shower bath now?"

Hagee—(Looking in). "Two."

But looking closer he found it was only Brandt leaning over.

Sellinger's mouth was open, Sitton looking in, was drawn irresistibly toward the yawning abyss. Controlling himself with a mighty effort he drew back, and sank upon the bed exhausted.

Hagec—(Who has marched squad too far). “Back up, MARCH.”
Givens—(Marching squad past faculty officer). “Eyes right, MARCH.”

Maj. Mort.—“At ‘trail arms,’ how far should the butt of the gun be from the ground, Hanlon?”

Hanlon—“About a foot and a half, sir.”

Gray—“If a chicken grows tougher with every step it takes, how many steps were taken by that chicken we had for dinner, and how far did it walk during its life?”

Monegan—“It walked 2,000 miles, I guess.”

Cadet—“Why is it, Maj., that St. Charles has no electric cars?”

Maj. W.—“Because it is against the law to run cars through a cemetery.”

Regulars—Beans.

Murphies—Irish Potatoes.

Slush—Coffee.

Mush—Breakfast Food.

Bullets—Peas.

Grease—Butter.

Sinkers—Biscuits.

Blue John—Milk.

Dutch Hay—Sauer Kraut.

Schmidt—Beans, tomatoes, macaroni, corn.

B. S.—An easy flow of language—Col. Bruce in chapel.

H. D.—Another title for the same.

Stick—To endow a cadet with a chance to interview the Com.

Com.—The Commandant.

Peanut Corp.—An “industrious” individual who achieved greatness (?).

O. D.—A cadet officer detailed to stick other cadets who break the rules of the school and enjoy themselves.

O. C.—A faculty officer who helps the O. D. and sometimes causes the O. D. to stick himself.

B. P.—Battalion Parade, an excellent time to sun yourself, especially in summer.

Rat—A newcomer, the joy and opportunity of the old cadets.

Trig.—Trigonometry—the misfortune of some cadets.

On the Hog—to feel like doing nothing but sit on the radiator and “cuss.”

On the Hummer—Another manner of expressing the same.

“Miller is a strong man, but his heart is of ‘Clay.’ ”

Orderly—The one who gets stuck and does all the work.

Orderly List—A little slip of paper which betrays the orderly to the faculty officer.

Gen. Hist.—General History—The Lexicon of Tongue Twisters.

Nero—Hash.

Purp—Bologne.

Fatty Saunders to Puss Alberty—"Puss, do you reckon they would let me drink beer out here if I get permission from home?"

Alberty—"I don't know, Fatty; what kind do you drink?"

Fatty—"I drink Pabst."

Gladding says: "Strawberries may come and strawberries may go, but we have prunes forever."

"Here lies our friend Sykes R,
Never shall we see him more,
For the stuff he drank for castor oil,
Was H₂ SO₄."

Stranger—"Can you tell me the principal street of this city?"

Harrison—(Without a moment's hesitation). "Clay St., sir."

Dago—Quicksell, so named because of his love of macaroni, and his ability to play the horn.—"Mr. Quicksell, you may one day be the President—of a banana stand."

Tomby—Shattuck, so called because his front teeth always remind one of an "In memoriam" collection.

Puss—Another name brought into camp by Alberty, but it is thought that he was so named for his sweet and gentle disposition.

Monkey—A name given to Hagee, because of his "long, silky" hair, and his cute way and agile movements.

Red—"Mr." Moorehead, who is so popular that the ladies are always asking after "the cadet with that lovely auburn hair."

Kit—Carson, named for the famous scout. He is “energetic” and a “fast” worker, and a worthy namesake of the old scout.

Nasty—McCombs, so called, it is said, because he roomed with Givens, but it is doubtful whether this is true.

Col. Br.—“Mr. Albery, what would your mother think if you should go to the penitentiary?”

Albery—“I don’t intend to go to another, sir.”

Bruin—Won by Hinkle in an exciting race among cadets to see who could sleep the most. “Bears hibernate in Winter.”

Cotton—A name applied to Gladding on account of his “beautiful, wavy” blonde hair.

Dreamy—Fixed to Wheeler one day when he was thinking how to mend a hole in his latest affair.

Dutch—Copyrighted by Knappenberger. He deserves it, by his lovely (?) kraut mouth, and his Budweiser complexion.

Dynamite—Dedicated to Logan because of his truly marvelous ability to “blow up” everybody, who doesn’t know his reputation.

Bub—Given to McCausland because of his affectionate friendly way and his willingness to accommodate.

Yens Yensen—A late addition to Brandt’s list. Given to him because of his striking likeness, in more than one way, to that now famous character.

Didici—One of Claude Clayton’s names, he brought it with him, and we do not know its origin.

Snake—James Clayton's cognomen. We can readily say he's worthy. "Say, he's a snake at slinging hash."

Sluefoot—Markham. So-called because of the breadth and depth of his understanding.

"McCombs is a fine fellow, he is, heart and soul, an 'Urban' Man."

"You'll have to cross a Ford to reach 'Richard's' town."

"Jim Clayton would be a bright boy, but he is 'Mellow' clear through."

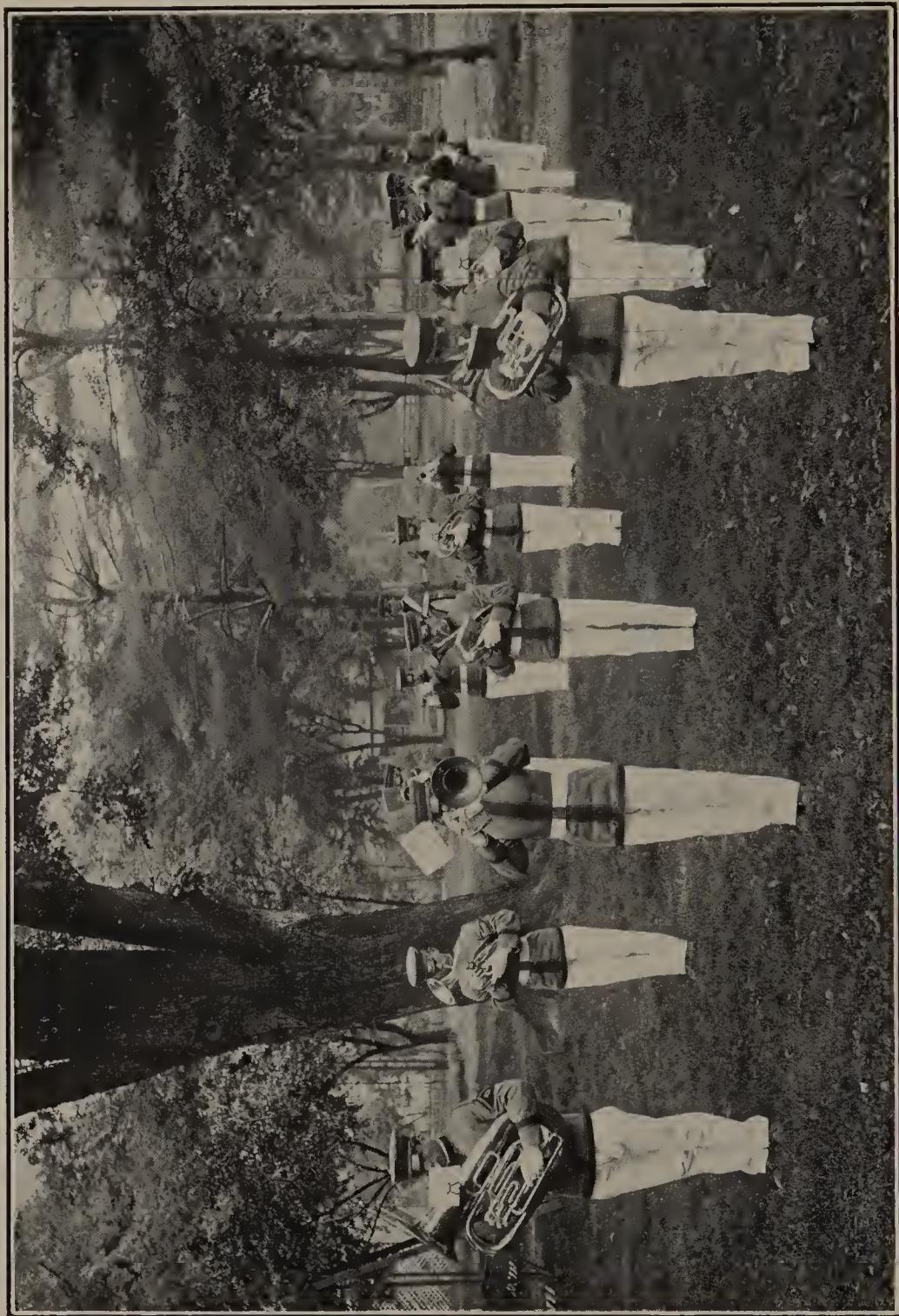
"'Howard' (how hard) is your heart, Brandt?"
"Pretty susceptible, sir."

Born in Missouri, nurtured in St. Louis, bloomed in St. Charles, the "Flower" of S. C. M. C.

Gatewood—"Why does Alcorn eat so little?"
Quicksell—"Because everything he eats goes a long way."

Detail for January 29, 1908.
Officer in Charge.—Louis Miller.
Officer of the Day.—Col. Bruce.
Bugler of the Day.—Maj. Whitmore.
By order of
Douglas Martin,
Commandant.

CADET BAND IN LINE OF MARCH.



To Lindenwood, fair Lindenwood,
 We drink full long,
Yes, Lindenwood, loyal Lindenwood,
 Is the burden of our song.

We write this in gratefulness,
 Not to those other few,
Who sometimes in hatefulness
 Tried themselves to outdo.

In baseball and in football,
 We always found you true,
And as we hear the last footfall,
 We are thinking of you.

We are thinking of your loyalty,
 And we know that you're true blue,
Yes, we're thinking of *you* steadily,
 And not of the other few.

Many of us have breathed a sigh,
 As we left you possibly,
But this is written to say good-by,
 To *you* individually.

This world is wide and broad,
 And we think we may safely say
That some of us will lose the road
 In the travel of life's highway.

But we hope you will, come what may,
 (And we say it with fervor, too),
Think one kind thought as you go your way
 Of the boys of the Red and Blue.

MOST RELIGIOUS MAN—

Moorehead. Said grace once, and got so excited and worked up that he accidentally got some saerilegious words mixed in, but—"It wasn't my fault," said he, "She oughtn't to have ealled on me."

SOBEREST MAN—

Harrison. Won't toueh a thing—as long as it's out of reah—then he never "goes beyond" more than twiee a day.

MOST MELANCHOLY MAN—

Monegan. He studies (?) all the time and spends hour after hour *on* his books. Tried to commit suieide once by drinking eastor oil, and Col. Bruee and Maj. Mort just arrived on the scene in time to save his life.

MOST EXTRAVAGANT MAN—

Knappenberger. His extravagance shows most in his laundry bill. Many times he has eclipsed us all. His laundry one week was so large that they brought it from the laundry in a special wagon. It consisted of: one collar, one pair cuffs, one-half pair socks, one pillow case.

LADY'S MAN—

McCausland. Insists on making presents of kodak pietures, belt buuckles, caps, hats, etc., to every girl who smiles at him.

"M-m-may w-we s-s-s-see you home."

"Helen's too small, she can't have company. I can though."

WINDIEST MAN—

Tie between Hanlon and Logan. When these two get together and start a eonversation every one around "blows" away, and they both "blow up" everybody whom they can corner.

MOST POPULAR MAN—

This honor was unanimously given to Mr. James Clayton. "Snake" is a peah, so meek and affectionate, that all the fellows love him. We hope that he will not cease to bestow his affectionate smiles upon us all.

HANSONEST MAN—

Well—it is a kind of battle between Selinger and Ferguson, with slight odds in favor of the former. His rosy red cheeks, blonde hair and dainty mouth make him one of the most beautiful of beings. He will probably be in the race again next year.

BIGGEST FLIRT—

This was easily taken by Louis Miller. "Ringo" will not let any girl pass without a word, if he is close enough to speak, and waving, if he is too far off. He has a striking personality, and bids fair to capture this honor again next year.

MOST PROFANE MAN—

Paul Sitton. Never uses anything less strong than "doggone it." "Darn it." He has a large and choice collection of "swear words," all equally as strong as the two above named.

BEST SINGER—

Mitchell and Gladding tie for this honor. Each may be heard singing such choice and late selections as "Turkey in the Straw" and "Home, Sweet Home," at any hour. Mitchell is very fond of hymns. Gladding is fond of "new and popular song hits." His favorite is "Annie Laurie."

MOST WIDE-AWAKE MAN—

Rea—he always rose as early as—he had to. When not at school, he rises at the early hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. He knows all the great athletes in the world, from Jim Jeffries to Frank Merriwell. There's nothing about sports that he can't tell you.

WITTIEST MAN—

C. Clayton—Full of dry humor, ready to keep anyone laughing, if he's willing to listen. Never uses a joke of later origin than 600 B. C., and as for looking wise, well—he'd make an owl ashamed of himself.

SPOONIEST MAN—

Hinkle.

He loves them short,
He loves them tall,
Never loves just one,
He loves them all.

You're a sport, aren't you, Hinkle? "Yeh, Kid."

BIGGEST SPONGER—

Quieksell. "Say, kid, lend me your handkerchief." He will borrow anything you're willing to lend him. So insistent are his entreaties for presents, that he was called "Gimme." "Gimme something to eat."

TALLEST MAN—

Sanders. He is like a bean pole in proportions. When the wind blows, he sways very violently, and if you didn't look at his feet you might wonder why he doesn't blow over. He's safe, though.

FATTEST MAN—

Alcorn. His legs are hardly sixty inches long. And his waist is nearly twenty-five inches. He is actually so fat that any one wrestling with him would never know when he threw him.

MOST DAINTY EATER—

A close race between Miller, E., Knappenberger and Brandt, tho' it is thought that Miller, E., leads by a slight margin. He seldom takes more than six pieces of meat and a dish of potatoes at a meal. Despite his small appetite, he is a large man.

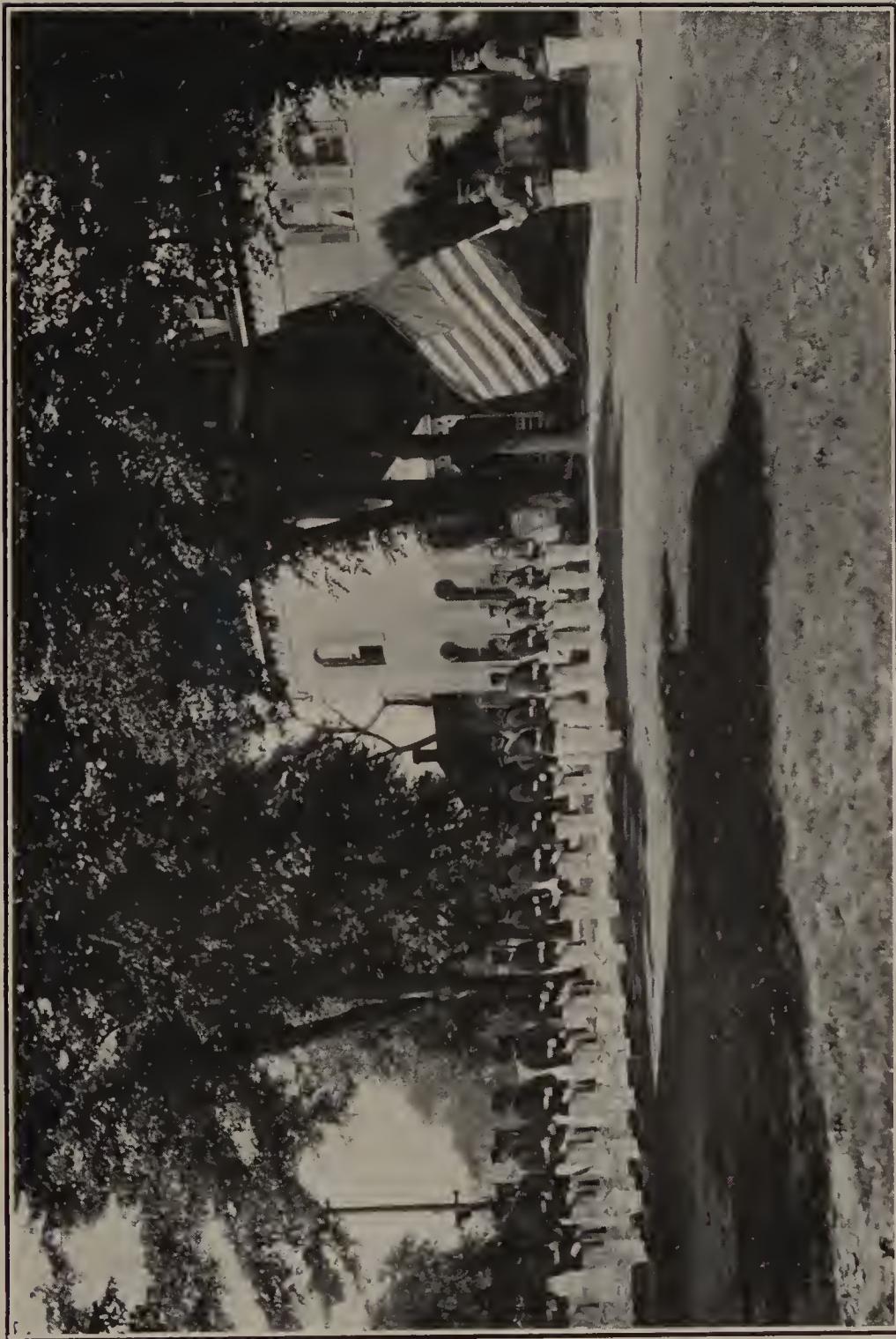
BIGGEST LIAR—

Unreservedly we vote for "Nasty" McCombs. He has an appalling collection of hair-breadth escapes and fairy stories. Sometimes it is so exciting to listen to his stories that he believes them himself. It is said that when he is talking to any Faculty Officer, that *he* invariably believes *his* own statements.

CHEEKIEST MAN—

Brandt. It was thought for a while that Givens had some show for this title, but when Brandt developed his truly remarkable "Yens Yensen" qualities, the cadets bestowed the title upon him.





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LAST FOOTFALL.

There is often sadness in the tone,
And a moisture in the eye,
And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
When we bid a last good-by.
But sadder far than this, I ween,
O, sadder far than all,
Is the heart-throb with which we strain
To catch the last footfall.

The last press of a loving hand
Will cause a thrill of pain,
When we think, "Oh, should it prove that we
Shall never meet again."
And as lingeringly the hands unclasp,
The hot, quick drops will fall;
But bitterer are the tears we shed,
When we hear the last footfall.

We never felt how dear to us
Was the sound we loved full well;
We never knew how musical,
Till its last echo fell:
And till we heard it pass away
Far, far beyond recall,
We never thought what grief 'twould be
To hear the last footfall.

And years and days that long are passed,
And the scenes that seemed forgot,
Rush through the mind like meteor-light
As we linger on the spot;
And little things that were as naught,
But now will be our all,
Come to us like an echo low
Of the last, the last footfall!

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The pages which follow
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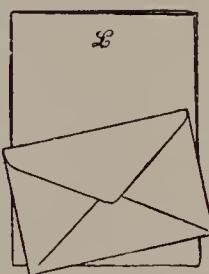
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